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[The Editor will be pleased to consider manuscripts if accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. He accepts no responsibility, however, for manuscripts submitted to him.]

Events of the Week.

THE present ominous portents in the industrial world give a significance to one passage of Mr. Asquith's reply to the Prime Minister's "Rubicon" speech beyond what it bore when he was speaking on Wednesday to the executives of the two National Liberal Federations. "The attempt to draw a line of demarcation upon purely class lines in a community such as ours in a time such as this is the worst disservice ever done to democracy. It is not to close, but to open, the road that leads to revolution." Mr. Asquith, submitting Mr. Lloyd George's speech to the test of knowledge and reason, had an easy task in showing its inaccurate and mischievous nature. What, he asked, had Liberals to do with a fusion which was so plainly absorption by the Tories? Dealing with Mr. George's assertion that at Paisley he was a coupon candidate and was returned by Conservative votes, Mr. Asquith contented himself with a convincing summary of the evidence and a reminder that the vast majority of the men and women who had voted for him were manual workers. He could, therefore, claim to be a Labor member for an overwhelmingly industrial constituency. Countering the Prime Minister's crude announcement of the class war, Mr. Asquith said the speech indicated "the close of a transient era of organized insincerity. We now know where we are." And he ridiculed the strategy which had dictated the alarms within a few days of the emphatic repudiation of Direct Action by the Trade Union Congress—"an insensate crusade against an imaginary peril." That, of course, is precisely all that the nonsense about fusion deserved, and Mr. Asquith's blows were entirely adequate.

THE militarist *coup d'état* in Germany failed completely to achieve its own ends, but it has created a confusion from which the Republic is only very slowly emerging. The workmen, who had defeated the reaction by

an amazing, drastic, and unanimous general strike (even water was cut off), were naturally reluctant to end it without safeguards against a repetition of the danger. The Government had been incompetent and weak, and Herr Noske in particular, if he was honest (as we suppose he was), had shown in the face of ample warnings the most childlike gullibility. Obviously, after the workers had saved Germany, the Government which had hitherto been ultra-moderate must move "to the Left." There was a lack of unanimity, however, in stating terms. Everyone agreed that Noske and Heine (Prussian Minister of the Interior) must go, and that the authors of the Kapp-Lüttwitz *coup* must be punished. The demand of the Trade Unionists' Committee was that the gendarmerie (*Sicherheitswehr*) shall be made reliable from a Democratic standpoint by the enlistment in it of a proportion of workmen who belong to the ranks of organized labor. The main body (the more moderate section) of the Independent Socialists demanded the formation of an All-Socialist Ministry, which should at once hold a general election. There they showed remarkable moderation, for after their recent congress one would have expected them to call for Soviets. The Strike Committee (a distinct body not to be confused with the Trade Unions or the parties) kept up the strike until Wednesday, with a few mitigations, until all these terms had been accepted.

APPARENTLY the Government, weakened by its flight to Stuttgart, the loss of Erzberger and Noske, and the failure of the middle classes to play any active part in the crisis, has accepted all the workers' demands, to the great chagrin of the "Majority" Socialists, whose rôle in German politics is now, we imagine, almost over. This party showed so little sense for the situation that it even tried to retain Herr Noske in the Government, and at one moment dreamed of coercing Berlin by a state of siege. It seems that the old Government at first agreed to form an All-Socialist Cabinet, which would include the Independents, and proceed to an immediate election. That solution has for some unknown reason been discarded, and the new Cabinet turns out to be a combination of Majority Socialists with the Catholic Centre. The Independents and the Liberal "Democrats" are better outside it. That presumably upsets also the Moderate programme for the nationalization of the mines. No constructive solution is in sight.

THE serious complication is in the Ruhr Valley, the densely-peopled coalfield, which includes Duisburg and Essen. Here the Communists, under the ex-staff officer and opponent of the war, Major von Behrfeld, have raised an army on a more or less regular pattern, which has defeated all the mutinous local troops and captured some guns. Estimates of its strength vary from 10,000 to 50,000 men, but while it seems to be a determined and capable force, it is doubtful whether it can be fed. The French demand for active intervention by the Allies has been vetoed, and the German Government has even been told that it may send troops into the neutral zone, which includes part of the Ruhr Valley. Its first intention was apparently to bring up big South German forces

to defeat the Reds. This so-called "Red" army appears to include Moderate Socialists, and even Catholic and Liberal Trade Unionists as well as genuine Reds.

MR. CHURCHILL talked good sense about the German situation on Monday, when he said that it was no longer the strength but the weakness of Germany that was now the danger to Europe. British policy should do all it could "from a military point of view," to "enable a moderate German Government to maintain itself." Mr. Churchill means well, but we fear his kindness is not always wise. He delayed the reduction of the professional army, doubtless from kindness, but in so doing he played into the hands of Kapp and Lüttwitz. Again, he promoted the creation of the Baltic Division to fight the Bolsheviks. Had he anything to do with the amazing failure to disband it, after the French had insisted on its return to Germany? An agency telegram from Copenhagen states that the British Mission on Monday told the German Government that it opposed the disarming of the troops, and forbade the disarming of the Baltic Corps. This seems incredible, but it requires very definite contradiction. Is it possible that Mr. Churchill, in his terror of Bolshevism, has actually forbidden the German Government to disarm mutinous troops which tried to upset both it and the Republic? To our thinking the whole policy of a professional army for Germany is a profound mistake. The only safety lies in a citizen militia. Much turns upon what Mr. Churchill means by a "moderate" Government.

THE movement of the miners for an increase of 3s. per day for men and 1s. 6d. for boys has progressed rapidly to a critical stage, and at the time of writing, although a settlement is still possible, the country is faced with the very real prospect of a national strike in the next three or four weeks. The situation is complicated, and the approach to a peaceful settlement is the more difficult because the Prime Minister has made it impossible not to associate the dispute with his own political strategy. Consequently, however strongly Mr. Lloyd George may feel that he is bound in the national interest to resist a demand which he regards as excessive, the miners and other trade unionists will naturally couple his resistance with his attack on Labor last week, and his insistence that a combination of other parties must be formed to fight a movement dominated by "Bolsheviks."

UNDOUBTEDLY many mixed motives on both sides have contributed to the growth of the present threatening situation, and while some of the miners may be actuated by a desire to manœuvre out of their defeat over direct action, there can be no question that the interplay between the coal interests and the Government has been sufficiently provocative. Usually it has not been the Prime Minister's way to begin negotiations in an industrial dispute by denouncing the claimants as Syndicalists of the worst type, or describing the demand as an attack on the community. These, with other statements in his speech to the miners' executive, pointed to a move to rouse public feeling at once rather than to a desire to bring all the facts to light so that the public could judge fairly for themselves. Then the alternative offers made for the Government by the Coal Controller suggest an attempt to confuse the issue, and in this the hands of the colliery owners can be plainly seen. The flat rate offer of 1s. 6d. a day would roughly bring the miners up to the level reached by the engineers and other workers in relation to the cost of living. The alternative offer of 20 per cent. on earnings would, however, impose

on the industry an aggregate increase in wages equal to a flat rate of just under 2s. a day.

YET the Government stiffly declines to offer a flat rate of 2s. The reason is that the mine owners want to introduce indirectly a bonus system, because the percentage basis would give the greatest increase to the men who earned the most. But this solution is rendered impossible for the miners because a very large proportion of the men are on day wages. Their pay cannot be computed according to output unless they are actually hewing the coal, and a percentage increase on the limited day wage would be comparatively small. The mine-owners know this quite well, and they also know that the whole policy of the Federation is now against the percentage basis. On the straight issue of the 2s. *versus* 3s. flat rate concession the Government would have a good case for compromise. Why, then, introduce proposals and conditions which are bound to increase the hostility of the men? If the English and Scottish coalfields were settled, the revolt of the South Wales men who threaten to strike on their own for a £2 a week increase could be dealt with more easily, and the influence of the National Federation would be against them.

THE sincerity of the miners' offer to forego an increase in wages if the Government would reduce prices has been questioned, but it is a fact that for three months the Federation Executive has withstood demands from South Wales, Durham, and other districts to embark on a new wages campaign. Their appeals to the Government have been flouted, and the Prime Minister frankly admitted last week that he wanted for the Treasury any surplus there might be in the coal industry. That is to say, instead of reducing the cost of manufacture and relieving industry by lowering the price of coal, the Government policy is to pile up revenue from whatever source available, to give the forthcoming budget a more favorable appearance. The majority of the miners are doubtless, like most other trade unionists, more concerned about wages than about ideals of Government, and the effect of the Prime Minister's attitude towards prices and profiteering combines has been to destroy the resistance set up by the Miners' Federation Executive against wage demands which merely increase the dearthness of commodities. The Prime Minister may count, in the event of a strike, on working up a powerful public opinion against the miners, but he will find the conditions very different from those of the railway strike. There are portents in the industrial world which would lead a wise and far-seeing statesman to exhaust every possible means of gaining a peaceful settlement, and to put aside aggressiveness until a conflict is shown to be inevitable.

AFTER long months of protracted manœuvres, which suggested the way of a cat with a mouse, the American Senate has made an end of the Peace Treaty. The reservations might as well have been left undeleted. The voting was 49 for the Treaty and 35 against it, which meant, of course, that it had failed, even with the reservations, to secure the necessary two-thirds majority. There are unlikely to be further developments until a new President is elected, and Mr. Wilson is expected to veto Mr. Knox's expedient of a simple resolution declaring that a state of peace exists. Thus America makes her exit at once from the group of Associated Powers, from the proposed Triple Alliance, and from the League of Nations. It is too late to discuss responsibilities: it is the consequences that matter. The League will start less than half alive. We deeply regret the decision announced by Mr. Bonar Law to refuse to the House

of Commons any word in nominating our three delegates to the Assembly of the League. They are all to be chosen by the Government. Thus the Assembly, like the Council of the League, becomes (so far as our share in it goes) a purely official Governmental body, and our delegates, even if one Parliamentarian or more is nominated, will be the spokesmen not of the nation but of the Cabinet, named by it, and instructed by it. This is to turn the Assembly, which might have been an international Parliament, into an old-world diplomatic Congress of Governments.

In the cables from Washington this week much stress has been laid upon the fact that in the final vote on the Treaty nearly one-half of the Democratic Senators bolted their party allegiance and supported the Lodge reservations. Their action made no vital difference. Not for a moment since last summer has the President's demand for unqualified acceptance been anything but fantastic; and, despite his tactical victory, Mr. Lodge has had no hope of a two-thirds majority for his reservations. And now, say all the correspondents, the Treaty goes into the Presidential campaign. But how so? To us it seems that his decision, three months ago, to make ratification an electoral issue, was almost the strongest proof of Mr. Wilson's loss of grip. The President's own party is distributed among all the factions which exist between the two extremes of full endorsement and complete rejection.

For ourselves, we prefer the prediction made by the "New Republic." Premising that all the war Governments of Europe must be replaced by men who have not lost the power to reason, our New York contemporary says:—

"By the time those men are in office, all the world will know that the Treaty is dead, and that a new one must be written. America will participate in the writing of it. America will be represented at the real peace conference which is still to take place. She will be represented because she will have recovered from the nausea brought on by the fiasco at Paris. She will be represented because she holds ten billion dollars' worth of obligations from the European countries."

It is significant that the Senate should pass to the destruction of the Treaty by way of a vote reaffirming the position taken up last June in reference to self-government for Ireland. The day is past when such declamations can be regarded with indifference by the British Government and Parliament. They are part of the political, the electoral, game; but by no means only that.

OUR Irish correspondent, referring to the anarchy in Ireland, says that if the situation develops along its present lines he sees "no reason why we should not have our Sicilian Vespers." Indeed, the situation is beyond reasonable comment, for it has most of the symptoms of lunacy. A Cork police officer is shot. Then the Lord Mayor of Cork is murdered. The military at once raid the Lord Mayor's home, even the room where his body is lying. It is reported the Mayor of Limerick has now received his death notice. Soldiers loose a machine gun down a Dublin street, apparently without orders. It was Lord MacDonnell who once said that if any British Colony was governed as Dublin Castle governs Ireland, it would rise in revolt. We hear that General Hackett-Pain, who was in command of the Carsonite Army, has been called in to assist Viscount French to rule Nationalist and Catholic Irishmen. Inspector Smith, who was chief

of the Belfast police when it seemed so easy to land cargoes of German guns in Belfast Lough, is now at the head of the R.I.C. The police and soldiers raid about a thousand Irish homes weekly. Doors are opened with rifle butts. Troopers with fixed bayonets search children's bedrooms. Sick-rooms are disregarded in the same way. Tanks roll through the streets. It would be idle to comment on all this.

ADMIRAL HORTHY and the Government over which he presides as Regent have issued an Order in Council declaring that Hungary is a Kingdom, "so long as the Legislature does not decree otherwise." This follows from the Legitimist position which they have always adopted, and, of course, it means that the Hapsburgs are still the rightful owners of the Crown of St. Stephen. Another consequence is that the severed portions of the Monarchy still legally belong to it, and, indeed, the "Prager Tagblatt" states that conscripts are required to swear by the Virgin Mary to fight for their recovery. The Allies, who have excluded the Hapsburgs from the succession, cannot logically adopt this Legitimist theory. Yet the Foreign Office, to judge from one of Mr. Cecil Harmsworth's answers, has innocently swallowed it. We will, he said, advise moderation in dealing with the Communist victims of the White Terror, but we cannot interfere with the trials of the late Commissioners of the Soviet Republic, which, he said, followed the regular course of justice.

Now these political trials proceed from first to last on the Legitimist theory. Bela Kun (and for that matter, Karolyi also), being a rebel against the King, was a mere criminal, and whenever he or his officials exercised the ordinary powers of a Government, they were guilty of a crime, *e.g.*, when they printed paper money they were forgers. This is sound Legitimist doctrine, harshly applied. But can the Foreign Office defend it? It cannot do so and yet exclude the Hapsburgs from the throne. These trials are becoming a protracted nightmare. Mr. Bertrand Russell pleads in the "Manchester Guardian" for the life of Professor Alexander Varjas, a mathematician and metaphysician who has done brilliant work in the field of logic, and was, moreover, during the war, an outspoken pacifist.

WHATEVER the fate reserved for Mrs. Humphry Ward's novels, there can be no doubt at all as to their documentary interest to the social historian, and none as to the seriousness of their author's influence during a period of nearly forty years. "Robert Elsmere," in 1888, was a portent, if only because it carried the Arnold brand of rationalized Anglicanism far beyond the readers of Matthew Arnold's "Literature and Dogma." Mrs. Ward's rooted conservatism was abundantly apparent by the time she reached "Marcella," with its solemn heroine saved from the perils of Fabian Socialism. It is easy to argue that if Gladstone had left "Robert Elsmere" alone, Mrs. Ward would never have achieved her resounding popular success, but her gifts for the public life which she deprecated for women were unmistakable. The Passmore Edwards Settlement could never be a rival to Toynbee Hall, but Mrs. Ward did good service on behalf of the play-centres for London children. And the women who won the suffrage will not forget that her gravity and dignity helped to keep within bounds the pettiness and vulgarity inseparable from the Antis' position and its defence.

OWING to the Easter Holidays, THE NATION next week will be published on Thursday.

Politics and Affairs.

MR. GEORGE'S CHALLENGE TO LABOR.

THE country has emerged from a great war, into which the world has thrown its resources of food, capital, labor, and the materials of industry, and has only just won through. This critical event has been followed by an immense social disturbance. In the after-war storm, nations, beliefs, institutions, have either been swept away, or are threatened with destruction. Two mighty Empires have been ended, and their rulers driven into exile; vast districts have changed ownership, and thousands of rich industrials and landlords have been stripped of every penny and every acre they possessed. One-half of Europe is Socialist or semi-Socialist; in the other half Socialism and Individualism compete with each other for the allegiance of men's minds. In these latter countries, neutrals or victors in the war, there is indeed a pause, an interval for gradual adjustment. Capital does not merely deny and fight the workers' claim; nor do the workers ask for everything at once. The statesman therefore has time to listen, to reflect and to contrive. He knows that if capitalism is to continue, then its worst evils, the fruit of over-work, casual work, and under-paid work, must go, and profits give way to the call for their redemption. Helotry in industry, and its political equivalent, which is class government, are dead; the statesman's business is to prepare the coming order. Filled with hatred and jealousies, the spirit of Man still turns to the vision of an ideal unity, and strives for its attainment. And on that moral ground statesmanship can always work.

To this call for imaginative thought and altruistic effort the leading statesman in Great Britain has made a characteristic reply. He has not even attempted to unite the nation. Thanks largely to his strategy, the seemingly political landscape of Britain is strewn with the *débris* of parties. The one thing he has established is himself. The one party his election failed to injure was that of the Tories, and for that reason he is now forced to come to terms with it. As for Labor, having used it to fight the war and to manufacture for the war, his first stroke of after-war policy was to destroy its organization, and his second to blacken its leadership. He spoke as if, when others were fighting, it had idled and drunk. When its millions of voters claimed, say, a quarter of the seats in the House of Commons, he contrived to cut them down to less than a tenth, and is now at the same trick again. When they set up a very old, very arguable, claim for the national conduct of a monopoly closely allied to that of land, he led them on to think it would be admitted, and then peremptorily shut it down. When he wanted Labor colleagues for a "national" Ministry, he took some in and sued for more. When the war ended, and parties began to seek their natural affinities, he declared them to be Bolsheviks, with whom no respectable statesman could have anything to do.

The charge is ludicrously false. For a generation our Labor leaders have been reluctant even to say Socialism, much less to act it. There is perhaps one Labor member of Parliament who would accept the whole Marxian or Bolshevik gospel, and one active and acknowledged leader in the general Labor movement. The rest are Fabians, Radical Socialists, or, like Mr. Smillie,

specialists in one form of Labor organization, or trade unionists pure and simple, not greatly differentiated from older types, like Burt and Broadhurst. No one knows better than Mr. George that even when you add some special formula, like the "nationalization of the means of production," only a gradual advance is meant, and only the ripest cases will be taken. And he is equally aware of the moderating influences—of how Syndicalism slides into Guild Socialism, and how little of strength lies behind the plea for forcible expropriation, without compensation, or a time limit. What does he care? The "Times" truthfully says that his last utterance shows that he is not and never was even a Liberal. If he had been he would never have ranged himself, in his harangue to his "Liberal" house-carles, with the cause of property. Whose property? The war has destroyed property for millions, and piled up property for thousands. Is War's crude sickle to determine what shall stand and what shall go in our ravaged world? Did the case for the masses of the working people rest, in 1914, on a basis of unshakeable justice? Let the George of Limehouse say it did. But even the George of Downing Street should know that in branding Labor as Bolshevism and arranging his next political battle in alliance with the Tories and the Central Liberals, he is fixing the lines of a naked encounter between Capital and Labor. If he retorts that that is inevitable, the answer is that the embarrassment is of his own creation, and that it is the business of statesmen to reconcile personal liberty with the incessant call for a finer and closer organization of industry. But when did Mr. George ever think out anything? And since when was it necessary to assume immortality for the system that created the Great Industry and prepared the Great War? Some of the grandparents of Mr. George's "Bolsheviks" were yoked to mine-trucks in their early childhood; others were taken warm from the egg-boxes where they slept to the cotton mills. A totally different life-conception now fills the mind of the workers. Who shall say it nay?

Mr. Lloyd George, we are afraid, does not mean even an honest "Nay" or "Yea." He has indeed made a fatal choice; known henceforth by his associates, he must accept the Tory funds, back the Tory denials, echo the Tory prejudices, reflect the Tory timidities and aversions. His intention, doubtless, is to create a Lloyd Georgian opportunism, and to educate his masters up to it, after the classic examples of Disraeli and Chamberlain. But the grosser facts of his existence are that they have got the money and the men, and all that he does will be subject to their "business" instinct, and must be consistent with their essential control of politics. There are no traditions, no chivalry, in modern Toryism. Its strength is in Capital, in the monopolies of land and liquor, in the power not so much of creating wealth as of manipulating profits. There the ex-Radical Lloyd George has made his bed; but if we dislike and distrust this connection, and hope that Liberalism will have nothing to say to it, we have little more faith in the merely Conservative side of the Liberal creed. Liberty is indeed necessary for the new order, where it should play a larger part than in the old, which was a poor distributor of economic opportunity, and hardly knew what social equality meant. But we have a strong belief in the free union of kindred forces, with their eyes on the future. Mr. Lloyd George has chosen a blend of Toryism and of timid, hand-fed Liberalism. Let Radicalism and Labor unite and give him his answer.

THE GERMAN DEADLOCK.

WE can recall no revolutionary crisis in the ample experience of recent years so difficult to decipher as the present German disturbances. In both the Russian revolutions, in the earlier German Spartacist risings, in the Hungarian revolutions and the reaction that followed them, there was always a clear issue between two forces in the field. The Kapp-Lüttwitz *coup d'état* seems on the contrary to have untied the loose bundle of German society. It has fallen apart. There is no Government, but there is also no Opposition. There seem to be only half-a-dozen contending and quarrelling powers, of which some fight, others strike, and the rest talk. For the moment, the extreme reaction is out of the running. Herr Kapp, General von Lüttwitz and their rather disreputable following have vanished, defeated partly by the workers' strike, partly by the cold shoulders of the bureaucracy, partly by the frowns of the average middle class. Their troops, however, are not disarmed, and we cannot feel sure that their power for mischief is entirely at an end. Of the revolutionary parties there are three in the field. The Communists (whom one may also call Spartacists or Bolsheviks) are split into two nearly equal factions, which were busy excommunicating each other just before the crisis. They are not a large party numerically, but they have more energy and more recklessness than all the others put together. What they are doing in Berlin (where the branch is heterodox and has just been expelled) we cannot make out, except that they issue placards jeering at the Independent Socialists. In the Ruhr coalfield they have, however, got together a Red army, organized on a regular model under that eccentric and magnetic Major von Behrfe'd, the staff officer who turned Pacifist and published Prince Lichnowsky's memorandum. Next come the Independents, probably to-day the biggest of the Socialist parties. They belong to the Moscow International, and believe in Soviets and the Dictatorship of the Proletariat, and yet it seems that they are not at the moment proposing anything of the kind. They have asked for an all-Socialist Cabinet, apparently on a Parliamentary model, on which some Majority Socialists would sit. This might be distasteful to the middle classes, but it would not mean revolution, and it would solve the crisis presumably in the correct democratic way by holding a general election.

Then we have a Trade Union Committee, with the very Conservative Herr Legien as its spokesman, which has presented a set of demands including the nationalization of the mines and the creation of armed workmen's battalions, but radical as these terms are, they say nothing about Soviets. Lastly, there are the Majority Socialists, who cling to their alliance with the middle class parties, tried to save the discredited Herr Noske from dismissal, and seem to have no influence left with anyone, no troops and no strikers at their tail, unless it be the railwaymen. The Cabinet, running about between Berlin, Dresden and Stuttgart, listens to everyone's demands, and palpably does not know what to do, launches orders for arrest which cannot be executed, starts with the obvious intention of returning to Noske's system of machine-gun rule, then realizes that the Left is too powerful to be coerced, and ends in a mood of conciliation. Morally pitiable, it may none the less be a real power, as power goes in Prussia. Some of the regular troops and the gendarmerie (*Sicherheitswehr*) are rallying to it, and may obey its orders, if it can find orders to give.

As we read this strange and uninspiring situation, the unity which knit the German masses together for five

brief days in a relentless and uncompromising strike to break the *coup d'état*, is now hopelessly dissipated. The Socialist Left might have done something effective, if it could have reached agreement. It cannot agree, and the various committees and parties which are stating their claims have lost in formulating them the means of enforcing them. The Government and the Middle Class Parties have been even more inert and ineffective than the Left. It does not greatly matter, we imagine, what terms the Government accepts. It cannot pledge the National Assembly to accept them, and if it dissolves the Assembly shortly, as it probably must, the fresh elections will only copy the present mirror of German disunion. Two brutal realities seem to emerge. One is the repentant remnant of the revolted army, which can gradually be used to restore a sort of order. The other is the Red Army on the Ruhr—if, indeed, it deserves that name, for it may in fact turn out to be nothing more alarming than a sober force of workmen raised to oppose the *coup d'état*. Negative unity there certainly is, to oppose militarism. That is morally dead in Germany in spite of all the provocations of the French. But of constructive unity, which can frame a policy and make a Government, we see no sign.

There is in England and in Italy a growing sense that this pitiable collapse of Government and even of civilization in Germany, is in great part the consequence of the policy followed by the Allies since November, 1918. The continued blockade, the Carthaginian peace, the delay in providing raw materials or the means of procuring them, the incessant exactions and humiliations of these eighteen months of nightmare have extinguished hope, and with it sanity and the impulse to work. We argued last week that a grave mistake was committed when the Allies imposed a long-term professional army on Germany, and we are glad to see that the correspondent of the "Manchester Guardian" in Berlin makes the same point. A long-service army, given the social and historical conditions of Prussia, is inevitably a "White Guard." A citizen militia on the Swiss model would have been a far better safeguard both for internal and external peace. As we move, however, to the perception that the Treaty itself has some casual relation to these disorders, France on the contrary is only the more sternly bent on its enforcement. Our Government has learned in Russia to beware of armed interventions, and even Mr. Churchill talks common sense to the House. M. Millerand and Marshal Foch are as decidedly of the other opinion. The working of their minds is logical and easy to read. They have a formal case on which to base themselves. It happens that the Ruhr valley, in which the Reds have raised their army, lies in the neutralized zone on the right bank of the Rhine. A German regular force, fleeing from the Reds, trespassed into this zone and, thereby, if one chose to be a pedant, infringed the Treaty. Marshal Foch accordingly proposed to occupy the Ruhr valley, and as he has plenty of negro troops under his command, he thinks he can disregard the opinions of the French Labor movement. He would destroy the Red Army, drive out the trespassing White forces, and hold this district as a pawn for the indemnity. It is perhaps the most valuable asset left to Germany. It contains the richest seam of coal in Europe, and also the giant forges of Essen, and a dozen lesser towns busy with textile, chemical and metallurgical trades. It is one of the most densely peopled regions of the Continent, and in it the old German civilization of the Romanesque cathedrals and timbered Guild Houses, blends strangely with the new miracles of science and industry. The coal is of course the chief attraction. France claims that coal: the Treaty

awarded to her not only the mines of the Saar in perpetual possession, but also an annual tribute from the coal got on the Ruhr. It may indeed, if Silesia goes to the Poles, be the only coal field worth mentioning which remains to Germany. Its loss would reduce her to the plight of Austria. The French know the facts, much better than our own public. They realize that it is precisely the reluctance of the Ruhr miners to work overtime to provide this tribute for their enemy which has driven them into the Red Army. The Communists, under the ultra-pacifist Major von Behrfeld, are at bottom as much in revolt against the Treaty and Allied Imperialism as were the Nationalists under General von Lüttwitz. The French have their remedy—a negro guard over the mines, to keep the miners at work to extract the tribute from the earth.

Faced with this situation the saner two among the three Allies are as helpless and irresolute as the pitiable Moderate Government in Germany. Both see the consequences of French ruthlessness. Both realize in some measure that revenge and greed make anarchy. But they can no more dominate their problem than Herren Ebert and Bauer can command their Red-White chaos. Only the extremists in Europe to-day know their own mind. Foch, Lenin, and Ludendorff have a policy and a logic, and act upon it. The rest of the world is at their mercy. Theirs are the simple motives and the crude forces. They pull in opposite directions. They may frustrate each other. But between White France and Red Russia, which each maintains a solid order of its own, the intervening Continent lies in ruin. Austria lies down to starve: Hungary is a madhouse of fanatical "White" cruelty: Poland prepares for her spring campaign to recover the fantastic frontiers of 1772 which include 8 per cent. of Poles in a population of thirty millions; Germany bumps from one civil war into another, and France chafes at the Anglo-Italian veto which holds back her negroes from a fresh invasion. Above this chaos Mr. Lloyd George and Signor Nitti chaffer at compromises which invariably omit the essential. They dare not make peace with Russia. They cannot hold back the Poles. They have to erase from their memorandum on Germany its one practical recommendation, the loan to Germany to take precedence of the indemnity. Lord Curzon emits a carefully phrased sentence about the need of revising the Treaty. It brings revision no nearer. Cassandra, in these days, generally ends by predicting Bolshevism. That is not our forecast. Say what you will of Bolshevism, its excesses, its class dictatorship, its denial of the traditional liberties, it is at any rate a principle of authority and order. It enforces obedience. It maintains internal discipline. It gets work done. It fills a part of the population, though only a part, with energy and hope. What we foresee is something much worse than this and something much more like the present European scene—anarchy, deadlock, mutually destructive violence, a death in life in which no part or class in society hopes or commands or works, starvation without fanaticism to mitigate it, the end of a civilization. We loathe the White tyranny in Hungary, but presumably it makes the Anti-Semites happy for a delirious moment. One may criticize the Red dictatorship in Russia, but the Reds at least are living dangerously and vividly. In Germany no one seems alive, save during the brief revolts that fail. The nation is dying morally, as Africans die physically under forced labor. There is no cure until we find the courage to tell the French that the Treaty must be instantly revised.

THE AMERICAN PRESIDENCY.

THE rejection of the Treaty by the American Senate coincides with the decisive opening of the presidential campaign. For the next half-year, not only the actions of the Government, but every turn in the affairs of the United States, will be influenced by the fact that on the first Tuesday of November the new President must be chosen. The national conventions for the nomination of the party champions will be held in June: the Republican at Chicago, the Democratic at San Francisco. The decision of the Democrats to assemble in California is a recognition of the growing political power of the Further West, no nominating convention having so far met west of the Mississippi Valley. It is usual enough for the situation to be confused six months, or even one month, before the election; but there is no exaggeration in the statement that in no presidential year since the Civil War has the outlook been quite so obscure as it is in 1920.

We may consider, first, the paramount question of leadership. The death of Theodore Roosevelt, two months after the armistice, left the Republicans without a single leader of national importance, while the development of the treaty situation showed the party to be gravely divided on the matter of America's position as a world Power. In regard to all the great domestic issues, the Republican schisms have been clamorous ever since the capture of Roosevelt by the Progressives in 1912. To-day the differences seem more violent than ever. There is something almost grotesque about a party scheme which is required to find a common basis for the followers of Taft and La Follette, of Henry Cabot Lodge and Hiram Johnson. Nor is the President's own party in any better case. Four years ago, two years ago, the Democrats possessed one commanding figure. Mr. Wilson was supreme as no party leader in America had been for half-a-century. The truth is now that the President, in falling, has broken his party so completely that there would seem to be only one possibility of escape from the electoral abyss—the securing of a presidential candidate free from all taints of the Wilsonian régime.

By universal consent 1920 is a Republican year. The common assumption is that, save for the one still remote contingency above referred to, the Democrats can at best hope merely to lessen the weight of the Republican triumph. But at the present stage it is impossible to forecast whether the delegates in June will declare for the running of a conservative or a progressive Republican. America to-day is in the trough of reaction. The terror of Bolshevism, of every kind of radical thought or programme, is so extreme, that the progressive section would appear to be in almost hopeless defeat. And yet it must not be overlooked that a great part of the hostility to the Treaty has been of good liberal quality, and that the outrageous repression and persecution of the past two years may already have swung over the majority of decent citizens. One thing only, in this connection, may be predicted with a fair measure of assurance. It is that, if the Republican nomination is given to a downright law-and-order candidate, the Democrats in the San Francisco assembly will be tempted to take the omen and decide upon a man capable of beating a similar drum. But here again all calculation is liable to be rudely upset by events.

Of the Republican possibilities now in the field there is not much that needs to be said. Major-General

Leonard Wood is the choice of those Rooseveltians who have inherited the big stick, without any nonsense of progressivism about it. Although a soldier, and a militarist of the simplest and crudest type, General Wood carries the advantage of having been kept out of a European command. Those who have persuaded themselves that a fighting General—whether Pershing or another—could be elected President of the United States this year, are ignoring the plainest facts of the situation. General Wood, however, has a considerable chance, although his present following is mainly confined to the Conservatives of the Eastern States. But he is not in favor with the Republican managers. They are looking for a pliable party man, some "good old state governor," as the saying is, such as Harding of Ohio or Lowden of Illinois. So far the progressive Republicans have only one serious nominee in the field—Senator Hiram Johnson of California, who led the Western Progressives for Roosevelt eight years ago: a vigorous fighter, probably as near to radicalism as the present temper of the Republican Party will permit.

Turn to the outlook for the Democrats. All talk of the President's standing again must be condemned as unreal. His breakdown makes it almost unimaginable. His continuance in the leadership would split the party into fragments. Mr. Bryan, still the strongest personal force with the rank and file, would be implacable. Mr. Bryan himself being impossible, there is no regular Democrat discernible to whom the managers can look with encouragement. Mr. Mitchell Palmer, the Attorney-General, would be certain of a crushing disaster. Of Mr. McAdoo, Mr. Wilson's son-in-law and former Secretary of the Treasury, it is sufficient to say that he does not possess either the personal qualities or the associations which in the past have been counted indispensable to an American President. Should the nomination fall to him, the result could hardly be in doubt. There is no other regular Democrat at present being seriously discussed. Either of these would be, by the general public, emphatically identified with the privileged interests, and both are far removed from the common sentiment of the Middle and Further West. There remains then the highly interesting possibility which promises to make the forthcoming election an epochal event in the history of the Presidency—the candidature of Mr. Herbert Hoover. From the standpoint of politicians standing anywhere, let us say, between Mr. Taft and Mr. Root at one extreme and Mr. Bryan or Mr. Daniels at the other, the suggestion of Mr. Hoover seems merely absurd. The party managers are enraged when they are not affrighted by it. But the movement in his favor is steadily gathering strength, and we anticipate that, during the next few weeks, the argument that the single hope of a Democratic victory lies in Mr. Hoover will be pressed upon the central party committee by influential groups in every State. The prospect is extraordinarily interesting, and all the more so since Mr. Hoover, the one American citizen other than the President occupying a position of world importance, is entirely detached from the influences which, in all elections since the emergence of the party system, have governed the popular choice. It should be added that despite recent efforts towards the revival of Progressivism, the creation of a political Labor Party in defiance of Mr. Gompers, and the persistent provocation of the Socialists, there is nothing at present to show that any third party can poll sufficient votes to interfere materially with the conflict between the two established armies and their chiefs.

COAL.

"We have seen the inertia in regard to profits in the wool and cotton trades, and we have seen industrial action taken for advances in wages. But when we have said we do not desire increases in wages, the cynicism with which we have been greeted appals us. We are not believed. . . . If there is not to be any great movement for nationalization, where do you thrust the miners to? Into the vortex where all of you appear to be swimming. Wages, wages, wages! An endless and futile race after prices instead of tackling fundamentally the whole problem of the relation of capital to production."—MR. FRANK HODGES TO THE TRADES UNION CONGRESS.

It is curious to see how newspapers, and even some Liberal newspapers, utterly fail to understand the attitude of the Miner's Federation. "Miners" seem to be regarded as a class apart, as incalculable in action as ants or bees. Every now and then some commotion takes place in the ant heap or bee hive. Public attention is suddenly called to that commotion and condemns it. But of the causes which have made that commotion they have no more idea than of what lies beyond the fixed stars.

The miners' combination represents a curious mixture of idealism and realism. It is the product of the life of the mine which excites a mixture of recklessness, strong religious emotion, and strong material demands. The miners' leaders, like Mr. Smillie, have been most committed to the ideal. Their ideal is that the miners, in their dirty and dangerous work, should labor, not for private profit, but for the benefit of the community as a whole.

They planted this faith largely in the minds of their followers. They restrained the demand for an increase of wages since the Sankey Award, that would correspond to the increase in the cost of living. They are the only trade unionists, we believe, who definitely took their stand on a declared policy of reducing prices rather than increasing wages—a challenge which, as Mr. Hodges truly states, is received with "ugly leers" in the House of Commons.

What was the response to this challenge? Not even the Trade Union world accepted it. All sought their own. Every other great Trade Union adopted the easier and more popular course—the demand for increased wages for their own members, rather than the demand for reduction of prices in the interests of all.

Baffled (and rightly) in direct action for nationalization—which is an ideal at least higher than a mere wage increase—they fell back upon the Labor policy of each for himself. They now demand wages increased to equal the increased cost of living, and with some consideration also to an advance on the low standard of 1914 which they would undoubtedly have obtained had no war occurred. And they demand that the product of the enormously inflated prices of exported coal, which they hack and hew daily, in a dangerous trade, shall go to themselves—not to the owners of the mines who have done nothing to create this opportunity for the "taxing of the foreigner," as Mr. Lloyd George prettily describes the exploitation of Europe's needs: and not to Mr. Lloyd George's scheme for using it to buy out the royalty owners, whom they believe deserve no compensation at all.

As to the first argument, the figures for an advance are irrefutable. They demand 15s. a week. Even the "Times" recognizes that on statistics and index numbers they are entitled to an advance of 6s. The legitimate figure may be something between the two. It is to the credit of the miners' leaders that they offered to forego this legitimate advance, if a general movement were made to reduce prices.

As to the second, there are things to be said which critics usually neglect to say. Mr. Lloyd George has declared that the miners' demand is pure Syndicalism in

its least attractive aspect. He gives the suggestion, apparently widely held, that this is an indirect attempt to obtain ownership of the mines and to confiscate all the profit derived from them. Nothing could be farther from the truth. Mr. Hodge's calculations—and these all through have been far more correct than those of the Government—provide for the full payment to the mine owners of the guaranteed pre-war dividend. If the Government were not to-day guaranteeing this dividend, half the mine owners—all those with the less paying seams—would be receiving no dividend at all. The other half—the rich mines and especially the South Wales mines of export coal—would be in a state of disorder owing to the fight for the division of the booty between mine owner and trade union; and unless the Government supported the owners with armed force the trade union would win. In fact both in the mines and railways, the shareholders have been placed in an extraordinarily fortunate position. They are receiving dividends which they would have no chance of receiving but for the Government guarantee, and they are receiving dividends which they would have no chance of receiving but for the war. Had the peace prevailed, the organized attack of the Triple Alliance would have transferred a substantial proportion of those dividends from profits to wages.

Yet the miners' leaders may still be condemned by some for claiming as wages the whole profit due to extravagant foreign prices. To understand, it is necessary to consider the alternative use of it. Mr. Lloyd George informs us that he is going to use this money, not for the general good of the community, but to pay out the royalty owners in order to carry out his policy for the nationalization of coal ownership. The miners do not believe in any moral right of the royalty owners to receive these big compensations. They are willing to grant compassionate allowances to royalty owners hard hit. But they believe that with the majority of these, the coal which should have belonged to the nation went immorally with the land above it, and that these community possessions should be resumed by the community from the rich men who have inherited them. No one has encouraged them more in this belief than a certain picturesque orator in a campaign against royalty owners which began at Limehouse, where the speaker inquired, in support of his raid on royalties: Who was it that laid the foundations of the mountains, and placed this precious thing beneath the everlasting hills? In any case the miners believe that the "capitalist" and "profiteer" will ultimately get it if they refrain. They have utterly lost confidence in the present Government. They have seen a Bill passed this year giving many additional millions to the mine owners. They would probably agree, if they could trust the administration, that this "blood money" which is the product of Europe's destruction should be paid into a special fund and used for the restoration of that Europe from which it is obtained. Realizing now that such an ideal is absurd to those who compose this Government, they are now prepared to get it for themselves. Every action of their leaders shows their regret at becoming mere greedy participants, amongst capitalists and other trade unionists alike, in a sordid struggle for the most obtainable of a limited booty. It is the easiest way of attack: and it follows the abandonment of a great ideal. They may be condemned for thus falling back into the action of all in the New World where all seek their own. They may be condemned as little better than the good business men who to-day are amassing vast fortunes out of the needs of the world. But in doing so it is well to understand the process which forced them to accept this as the only way: not to disdain this great body of the flower of the working men of Britain because they once aimed at a more unselfish ideal.

A London Diary.

LONDON, FRIDAY.

MR. LLOYD GEORGE's speech has the old self-confident ring; perhaps that is due to the Prime Minister's belief that the nation still looks to him as the Hero of the War. But really, as a type, the new statesman is as extinct as the mastodon, and the nation, like other nations, is more concerned with its search for the Villain of the Piece. In other words it is a constructive, rather than an essentially destroying intelligence, which now has its chance; and as no single individuality of this type is likely to appear, it is in the power of combination among progressive and enlightened men that the remedy for Lloyd Georgianism is to be found. For as usual, Mr. George's political *instinct* is right: he sees his little world of compromises going to pieces, and seeks to cement it again. Fear of Labor looks like good cement, so he chooses it. But that is reckless politics. There is a certain magic in *Triumvirates*, and I imagine that in future there will be a Government of Three within the so-called Cabinet. It will consist of Mr. George, Lord Birkenhead, and Mr. Churchill—two Tories and one ex-Radical. All the rest count for nothing. Mr. Fisher clucks uneasily round the nest, like a brooding hen that has been upset, but though he is competent and learned he is no politician born. Mr. Montagu is clever, but estranged, and may soon be driven back into Liberalism. Among the governing trio Lord Birkenhead is shrewd, and will not go too far, but Mr. Churchill is Bolshevik-mad, and incurably melodramatic to boot. Remains the Prime Minister. He doubtless hopes to manage all, ride three horses at once, outwit the Tories, and, like Louis Napoleon, hold Liberalism as a whip over the heads of his reactionaries. An old, old game, never played out. But quite clever enough to give a few months' longer life to the Administration.

I SEE the Prime Minister's speech much praised in quarters where a more critical estimate of it might have been expected. Mr. Garvin is in ecstasies over it. Why? Thin and commonplace in phrasing, its intellectual inadequacy to such an occasion is conspicuous. What a chance was offered to a man sprung from the soil, and familiar with the life of the people, who had witnessed the travail of the war, to see in its reaction of suffering and discontent the evidence of a struggle for a higher order of life! But Mr. George has failed Britain as he failed Europe. His first great opportunity he reduced to a petty trial of wits; the second came to him as a chance to secure his future by a smart deal with the reaction. Had he possessed the true gift of leadership, here was the noblest theatre for exercising it. If he had had the poet's sympathy, instead of the melodramatist's trick of stage tears and declamation, he might have bound together all that was promising and sincere in our politics, fertilized its ideas, broadened its sympathies, and heartened it for the work it has to do. Unhappily there is no standard of criticism in our fawning or sentimental press. Sign-writing is an honest craft, but not when the artist is thought good enough to color the ceilings of the Vatican.

As for the Liberal "split," announced in the rival luncheons at the National Liberal Club, it was made by Mr. George formally at the General Election, really when the Tory Ministers of 1916 were brought in to depose Mr. Asquith. These were the attestations of a character which should have been revealed from the hour when Mr. George led the movement for conscription. He now makes it a crime in Sir John Simon to have opposed it; as if any man with a shred of the Liberal spirit would have launched his boat voluntarily and eagerly on such a voyage. But from the start Mr. George was more of a Nationalist than a Liberal. His mind, to his credit be it said, lacked the narrowness of party, and lacked also its fixity. I am sure his present position suits him very well. He likes to play with life, and if Labor and Liberalism are lost to him for ever, the Tory Party is excellent sport. His policy will be a kind of instinctive opportunism. He will make alternate dives into this doctrine and that, and think that he is all along reading the national mind and interpreting the national will. It is a pity that his intelligence is so untrained; otherwise, we might have a second Disraeli period, as brilliant as the first.

MEANWHILE let us welcome good, honest politics where they are to be found, and when the Labor movement attracts such women as Miss Margaret Bondfield and Miss Susan Lawrence, do our best to see them returned to Parliament. Much has been made of Lady Astor's ready speech, and *facile* sympathies. I would not depreciate them, but Miss Bondfield and Miss Lawrence are much more intimately connected than she with the emancipation of women and their life in industry and local government. I could not easily name a score members of the House of Commons fitter to have a place in it than Miss Bondfield. She has character, eloquence, knowledge, experience, could lead the Labor party there, and cross a good pair of swords with Mr. George or Mr. Law. In her party she is of the Left Wing, and a prudent, sagacious counsellor of it. And if it is proposed to constitute Parliament of women as well as men, it is quite ridiculous to fill it up with the rank and file, and often with the scourgings of the party system, and leave out the few who would really adorn it. There were excellent reasons for electing Mr. Asquith for Paisley. There are equally good ones for choosing Miss Bondfield for Northampton.

I SUPPOSE a generation has passed since the "Times" plainly declared itself an organ of Liberalism. This is what it did last week, in an article remarkable at least for vigor of phrasing, and for faithful dealing with the lapsed and lost, such as the Prime Minister. Simultaneously the "Daily Mail," in slightly less apostolic language, made a confession of faith in the cause of Labor. Well may fearful saints fresh courage take before such miracles of redemptive grace. Was Saul a persecutor? Did Lord Northcliffe harry the true faith while it was yet in the tender ear? Then witness the fervor of the convert, and forget his somewhat active career in the bond of iniquity! It is true that Lord Northcliffe's new apostolate appears to be equally

divisible between Labor and Liberalism, so that one or another of its phases may in turns suggest a flavor of heresy, or even of schism in the other. But this is for the future; faiths, like flowers, get more complicated as they develop. Let us then sing our *Te Deum*; keeping, may be, a precautionary eye on the convert.

THERE is much uneasiness about India; and among her friends a hope that the Report of the Hunter Committee may in some degree relieve it. The Indians seem to think that it will censure the officers and uphold the resort to martial law. Such a conclusion would merely pass by the causes of the trouble in the Punjab and aggravate the disease by doing nothing to relieve it. It is no use palliating the Indian crisis; there is a division between rulers and ruled such as has not existed in our time, and only a long course of liberal-mindedness in policy and personal conduct can bring about a change. Take an incident related to me by Mr. Reginald Nevill, the solicitor who had charge of the appeals to the Privy Council against the sentences of the Martial Law Commissioners. Mr. Nevill was called to India to confer with the legal advisers of his clients. The Viceroy was officially informed of his visit, and on his arrival Mr. Nevill duly reported himself to Sir Edward MacLagan, the present Lieutenant-Governor of the Punjab, who gave him every facility that he asked for. Yet this fact and his moderate views and strictly legal position did not protect him from gross insult. On Christmas Day his rooms were violently broken into by a party of officers from a neighboring garrison, one of whom declared himself to have been present at the horrible affair in the Jallianwala Bagh, and spoke horribly enough about it. He was coarsely abused for taking up the case of the "blacks" against a "pukka Sahib" like General Dyer, and told that he was lucky to escape a physical assault. There was a good deal of comminatory talk about "blacks" which one need not repeat. This may be an isolated incident, due to Christmas and its peculiar joys; I don't think it was an isolated test of *feeling*. No reader of the Morley letters to Lord Minto can have forgotten the gravity of the writer's witness against Anglo-Indian arrogance. It is essentially the evil spirit of our rule, and its besetting peril. Yet what attempt does our Press and our public opinion ever make to extirpate or even to moderate it?

HOLIDAY MOODS:—

Men often hate women, and are afraid to say so; women have no such reserves about men.

You cannot think in towns; you only catch the infection of other people's thought, and get it slightly.

In the act of saying that the world is dead in trespass and in sin, we acknowledge that a part of it is alive to righteousness.

But if man's destructive energy has gone beyond his creative power, and if he is the last word in Evolution, as some thinkers believe, then the end of man's world is at hand. The only thing that can save it is the religion of its higher races. But are they not ceasing to believe?

It is useless to try and traffic with the Unseen Powers. They will never look at compromises; only perfect honesty appeals to them.

A WAYFARER.

Life and Letters.

OF PERSONALITY.

It was a merry jest of Aristotle in his lectures on "Moralties," to describe the Highminded or Great-souled Man as we read. One may imagine the young Athenians sniggering and nudging as they listened to the Master's voice, for in that so seemingly grave description they could not but recognize the very portrait of a "superior person" or "prig" well known throughout their city. The Highminded Man, said the Philosopher, is one who is worthy of great things, and thinks himself worthy of them. He despises small honors as beneath his desert; or (as we might say) he refuses an O.B.E., but might be induced to accept a dukedom with estate adequate to support the honor. In practical life he will undertake little, and that little must be fine and conspicuous; or (as we might say) he will not act on Committees, but has no objection to the Viceroyalty of India. He will speak the truth, except when he uses irony to the lower classes. He is not given to admiration, for he considers nothing remarkable. He will not chatter, for he talks little about other people, or about himself. He speaks no evil, even of his enemies, except in contempt. His movements are leisurely, his voice deep, his speech deliberate. He is never in a hurry, and never excited; how should he be when he thinks nothing of great importance? But at that point, we may imagine, the laughter of the students burst out unrestrained, and the Philosopher himself smiled as he closed his book; for the portrait of the Superior Person was complete.

Yet there is Personality, superior without mockery. So far as we know, a German poet, well accounted of in this country and even in France before the recent war, was the first to give it name, calling it *Persönlichkeit*, in his semi-barbarous tongue. But the Ancients themselves have given us examples of the very quality, though then unnamed; as when a Roman poet described a tumult in his City, "such as often happens amid a swollen populace":—

"The commonplace herd rage with passion together; flaming brands and jagged stones fly through the air; suddenly all catch sight of someone solid in goodness and the country's service; there is a hush; all stand to listen; he speaks to guide their reason; he mitigates their savagery."

Piety and desert gave personality; but it was not piety nor even desert that protected Marius when the hired murderer turned away with the words, "I cannot kill Caius Marius." Yet personality was the protection. Caesar showed the power of personality when, taking off his helmet that all might recognize him, he charged before his legion and snatched victory bareheaded from the crisis of despair. Again he showed it when, to one who barred his way, he said, "Stand aside, sir; deeds are easier to me than words." No wonder he showed it, for he had personality beyond estimate. Pompey was great, but his personality was small. Cicero was clever and charming, but his personality was nothing. Antony was half a fool, yet his personality won him half the world. Socrates was wisest of mankind; courageous, too, and capable of endurance as Antony himself, but his supreme personality lost him life. There seems to be something puzzling about the quality.

Bodily frame may have something to do with it. Samuel Johnson had great personality, and in defence against a hesitating critic he could say, "He knew I should break his bones." Goethe was fine and active of form. When Napoleon met him, he cried, "*Voilà un homme!*" When Goethe disapproved of mockery at a play, he called from his box, "Let no one laugh!" and all sat silent as at a funeral. We read of him in old age glowering in a corner "like old Jupiter," while Mendelssohn played. Kitchener owed to his size and strength something of the personality that overwhelmed the people's imagination, the War Council, and all who did not know him. Cromwell was a man of powerful form, and by sheer force of personality he broke the constitutions, traditions, habits, and tastes of an ancient

people. We have among us now a writer against whose vast personality it is as vain to shove as against an elephant. But on the other hand, Lord Roberts, whose personality inspired armies, was small; and so was Napoleon, whose personality upheaved old Europe. And, among writers, there was Byron, the most irresistible personality in our literature, beautiful, athletic, but lame.

Or is intellect the root of the matter? Swift had intellect and such personality that beggars still point to the room where "the Dean" could be seen nearly two centuries ago pacing in madness. George Meredith had intellect, and to be with him was like wandering on a splendid mountain that might at any moment become a volcano. Carlyle had intellect, and to be with him was like running about on a volcano in perpetual eruption. Tolstoy had intellect, and to be with him was like dwelling in early Christian catacombs, illuminated by flashes of rage.

All those men of intellect possessed conquering personality. But could that be said of Thomas Hardy, in intellect their peer? And there is Shakespeare! If he had been of marked personality, should we not have known something about him? Something more than a few miserable signatures and registers and lawyers' deeds, and the silly epithet of "gentle"?

Perhaps it is morality and sincerity that count. Gladstone retained a personal hold over two generations by moral genius and a sincerity which he never questioned and had no difficulty in trusting. But Disraeli possessed personality as strong and more attractive, and could the same be said of him in middle life when his influence was highest? Could the same be said of Randolph Churchill, whose power of personality was strange, though brief? Mirabeau, Danton, and in our own day Clemenceau and Lenin—all men of marked personality, but with attributes how diverse! And in our own country the younger Pitt, Charles Fox, or, in our time, Robert Smillie, Lord Robert Cecil and George Lansbury—how diverse in mind and character and position, but the quality of personality marks them all! Think of last Sunday's meeting in the Albert Hall, when 10,000 people gathered to show honor to a man of conspicuous personality, and at least twice as many more were refused admission for want of space. When they had praised George Lansbury's "sincerity," "conviction," and "courage," they had said about all they could, and yet they hardly seemed to have come an inch nearer to the secret of the personality that drew them.

Is there, then, no test, no "common denominator," by which we can reach the meaning of the word, the reality of the actual power? Must we fall back upon Montaigne's despair of explanation, when he writes in a famous passage of his friendship with Boëtie (Book I., chap. XXVII.):—

"If a man urge me to tell wherefore I loved him, I feel it cannot be expressed but by answering: Because it was he, because it was my selfe. There is beyond all my discourse, and besides what I can particularly report of it, I know not what inexplicable and fatal power, a meane and Mediatrix of this indissoluble union. Wee sought one another, before we had seene one another, and by the reports we heard one of another; which wrought a greater violence in us, than the reason of reports may well bear: I thinke by some secret ordinance of the heavens, we embraced one another by our names."

Perhaps it were best to leave it at that, as tedious pleaders sometimes say, to the Court's happy relief. For, indeed, no better account can be given of the mysteries of love and friendship, into which the mystery of personality enters, if the love or friendship be true.

And yet we are unwilling to abandon the hunt and just jog home. Let us rather try if we may catch the word's significance by some way round. There are a few instances of men who seemed to possess great personality at one period of their lives, and then lost it, at all events for a time. Hannibal lost something of it, though he recovered its greatness in exile. Pompey, whom we mentioned, must have had it once, but lost some or all. Lucullus lost all,

and perhaps had some to lose. Garibaldi possessed the quality in full, but now and again it seemed to fail even him, and in the end it grew dimmer than in the Sicilian days. We have seen a statesman welcomed to this country with all the homage and devotion that personality inspires, especially among a people so easily moved to admiration of it as ourselves. He came with high repute for noble thoughts and splendid hopes, for the mercy of reconciliation, and for justice eager to be just even to whom justice was grudged. He had but to speak and all stood ready to applaud, and longing to obey. The world lay in his hands to mould for happiness and peace. Never in history had one man ordered the wills and affections of so large multitudes among mankind. On no one before had such confident expectation of future healing among the nations been set. Yet he failed. He had the gift of personality, within its limits real. Yet he failed. At the moment of all the world when the gift was most required, it disappeared. The grandest opportunity ever presented to one man fell from weak and listless hands, and within a year the personality once hailed as quelling the savagery of embattled races could not have checked a cock-fight round the corner.

How far, then, have all these instances and contraries helped us, like hounds, toward catching our definition? Courage, of course, we must assume, for it is the basis of all personality as of all excellence. Intellect helps; physical power or beauty helps; virtue helps; but none of the three is entirely essential. Sincerity helps, and one likes to believe that perhaps, after all, in no case can great personality exist without it. But beyond all these—beyond even that "vitality" which is a man's or woman's finest gift of birth—we should suppose that Will or Persistence is Personality's main ingredient, and our instances appear to prove it. The will to persist along a direct and single-minded course—the will to go forward, with life in one hand and reputation in the other, and both hands wide open—is not that the secret that gives Personality its miraculous power?

GEORGIE.

We call him Georgie because he is a farmer. His full name is *Microtus agrestis*, that is according to the latest and stingiest phrase of the scientists. We are glad to see that the Board of Agriculture occasionally gives him the truer as well as more poetic name of *Arvicola*. He is a thorough little farmer, though his methods of cultivating vary from ours and bring him into conflict not often so disastrous to him as to us. For the most part, we thoroughly ignore him. He slips to and fro beneath our feet as we cross the grass, and we do not even see him. He robs us of a few million pounds' worth of grain and other food every year and we have no idea that he has done so. He is a ghost of the fields about whose existence the ordinary person can remain almost as sceptical as about those other ghosts who are vainly trying just now to describe a perfectly undesirable heaven that they are supposed to inhabit.

If Georgie's movements are too swift and silent for the ordinary person to perceive, his works are evident enough. He bores neat holes in the ground, often, in favorite parts of the field, in strong villages or colonies, and he keeps the grass cut round them, so that the primrose gatherer can scarcely fail to see them. He is well at home in the field just below the orchard whither he has trundled scores of walnuts, sometimes as far as a hundred yards, to leave the shells in heaps about his doorway. As he lives in a hole not large enough to admit a walnut, it would be an interesting sight to see him conveying these fruits, as large in proportion to him as a big beer barrel to one of us, from the place where they fall to the place where he desires to have them. Yet nobody has caught him in the act and it is as difficult to convince the sceptic that the little fellow living in that tiny hole has done this thing as that it is the worms that drag our shallots from their firm setting and pile them round their burrows. Why does he drag the nuts, shells and all, so far, instead of removing the shells under

the tree and carrying home only the lighter and more valuable portion? Perhaps in order to puzzle us with the question how he manages to carry the whole nut.

When we were float-fishing by the lazy, silvery river, Georgie took advantage of us. While we dreamily watched the painted float and wondered at the purpleness of the loosestrife and the jewellery of the kingfisher, he came quietly up behind and carried off one of our sandwiches. We set a camera and, when he came for the next sandwich, got his picture. "Why," says someone who has been expecting something more wonderful, "Georgie's a mouse." He is not a mouse but a vole. His molars, instead of the uneven arrangement of craters good enough for a mouse, show a pattern like a garland of pointed leaves. You can go to the owl's banquet hall and find out beyond doubt how many voles old Flower-face has eaten, how many mice and rats and how many shrews. And who that pretends to possess a sympathetic and discriminating soul could look on Georgie's face and call him "only a mouse?" Instead of the staring, frightened eyes of a mouse, hung like boot-buttons on the side of the hatchet face, under staring, frightened ears, the vole has eyes well set in, rather close together, on a flat face with short ears and big hairy chaps, like the prosperous well-whiskered farmer that he is. And instead of a long and lifeless tail that the mouse drags behind it, nobody knows why, the vole's tail is no more than an inch, as though it had been recently docked in the interest of efficiency and hygiene.

The vole is a startling mixture of timidity and effrontery. We have to come upon him very quietly to see the brown flash that he makes in shooting through his run in the grass to the depth of his hole. A cloud does not pass the face of the sun but he makes this dash and vanishes, for the shadow may be that of the kestrel and followed by instant death. What his terror must be when the owl hoots over him at night we are not likely adequately to imagine. But if we get the vole in a corner, he does not tremble and dash on destruction like a mouse, or fly at the enemy like a rat. He takes the restriction on his movements and the horrid proximity of the enemy very much for granted and waits, apparently without a quickening of the pulse, till normal conditions shall return. We have dug up a nest of little voles and the mother (we assume it is she and not the father) will after a time return from her flight and carry the babies away one after the other under the eyes of the great foe. But most mothers are equal to that test. A water vole snatched from the stream and thrown inland will charge the enemy that is between it and the river, not helter-skelter but up to the bayonet, where it will chatter its expostulation at being hindered from further advance, then sit down and clean its whiskers while the effect of its remonstrance is getting home.

It is said in the natural-history books that the vole will not bite the hand that takes it. This the mouse does at once, the house mouse that may have caught vicious habits from house people, and also the field mouse which has not that excuse. The vole bites sometimes, almost seldom enough to warrant that verdict of never. So its education in captivity begins at once. Even in the first moment, it will sometimes sit in the hand and eat, and then run from one hand to the other without at once adopting the obvious escape offered by a leap to the ground. It can be given a run on the table and in most cases, when it comes to the edge, it will look over before leaping, measure the distance to the ground and decide that liberty is not at present worth the jump. It will try what the plateau looks like all round and if on the way it comes in contact with human arms, well, Kismet! They are not nice things but they do not always want to squash one and sometimes they hold in the hands quaint delicacies.

An acquaintance of the writer detained a vole from its home last summer and found in it a wealth of character almost like that which a pet dog develops. He travelled the length of England with her, sometimes escaped, came four or five times back to a trap, and once voluntarily to his own bed. He stayed true to the vole tradition of never biting, but sometimes nibbled a finger in play or petty vexation. On returning home, he finally elected to

rejoin the walnut-gatherers in the field, where he may have fallen a victim to the owl or may be taking his share in the preparation of the projected great vole plague of 1920. The vole people plan this thing every spring and sometimes the grey ghosts in the grass grow to such millions that there is no ignoring them. Happy are we, then, if we have left a few owls and kestrels to keep the vole population within endurable bounds.

THE BLASPHEMY OF RELIGIOUS PEOPLE.

MR. CLUTTON BROCK, writing on the subject of Father Bernard Vaughan's censure of Epstein's Christ, makes an interesting point. "Father Vaughan," he says, "will not be able to understand why his Carlo Dolci Christ seems blasphemy to others." Very probably not. The subjective quality of blasphemy is so remarkable as to be worth study. One man's blasphemy is another man's faith. That blasphemy (as it seems to many of us) whose echoes reverberate from our pulpits every Sunday, that blasphemy which lifts its head at Church meetings, speaking through the voices of devout clergy and laity, that blasphemy which burns between the paper covers of such innocuous-looking periodicals as parish magazines and the quarterly organ of the Mothers' Union, is, presumably, to those who utter it, the expression of religious thought or emotion. They really believe in the strange God they have created, even as the Inquisition believed in a God who liked heretics to be burned, or the Puritans of the seventeenth century believed in the unlovely God of the Sabbath. And the blasphemers of to-day, who make God in their own image, or often in a far worse mould, really adore him when made, as we are all inclined to adore our own creations.

It is a curious and fascinating subject, the blasphemy of the religious. It repays study. Someone who was present at one of those meetings which are held so frequently just now to discuss the uses, if any, of women in the Church, told the writer that the clergyman presiding remarked in the course of his speech that the reason why we knew women to be inherently inferior, as regards their religious functioning, to men ("speaking in all humility," he added) was that God the Father was, we knew, of the male sex. Side by side with this (though possibly a less authentic utterance) we have the reported advice of a suffragist to a frightened young hunger-striker—"Pray to God, dear, and She will help you."

Shocking as both these remarks sound, the speakers were, after all, but going one step further in that very common kind of blasphemy which believes that humanity was created in God's image, that God is a kind of glorified human being. The blasphemers mean no harm; they are merely people devoid of imagination, who cannot conceive of a spiritual being who does not bear a close resemblance to the only spiritual beings they personally know. They are, intellectually, no better and no worse than the moorfowl, the lotus, the roebuck and the peacock of Yeats' poem:—

"Who holds the world between His bill and made us strong
or weak,
Is an undying moorfowl, and He lives beyond the sky.
The rains are from His dripping wing, the moonbeams
from His eye."

I passed a little further on, and heard a lotus talk;
"Who made the world and ruleth it, He hangeth on a
stalk,

For I am in His image made, and all this tinkling tide
Is but a sliding drop of rain between His petals wide."

A little way within the gloom a roebuck raised his eyes
Brimful of starlight, and he said: "The Stamper of the
Skies,

He is a gentle roebuck; for how else, I pray, could He
Conceive a thing so sad and soft, a gentle thing like me?"

And so on. Having got thus far, it makes it very little worse to sub-divide the roebucks or the human beings into two sexes and say that God is in the image of one rather than of the other. This unimaginative conception of God is as old, doubtless, as the human race; but that one should meet with it to-day makes one wonder

whether we have outgrown the age when God was portrayed in pictures as an old man with a beard sitting on a cloud in the sky. Even now his perception of us is sometimes illustrated on texts in nurseries by a monstrous human eye emitting rays of light.

The blasphemers may answer that we need some metaphor or symbol for God, and that the human being symbol is as good as any other and better than most. This may be so; but to prevent the symbol being identified with what is symbolized it would be desirable to vary it sometimes; to speak of God occasionally, for instance, as St. Augustine did, as "the country of the soul." There might be less danger of confusion here.

This conception of God as a human being is deplorable enough. But what of the conceptions of him as something far worse—not merely paltry and silly, as man is, but cruel and vindictive, as man is not always? What of those who say that God, to punish man, sends wars (presumably by fanning evil passions and greeds in men's minds) or disease (by encouraging ignorance and carelessness) or earthquakes and shipwrecks (by some undefined control that he apparently exercises over climatic and physical conditions)? What of those who (this is authentic) writing in a Mothers' Union periodical quote "He came that they might have life and that they might have it more abundantly" to prove that it is a sin for the married not to have as many children as they can possibly produce, however squalid and dreary the future of children produced in such numbers and in poor circumstances must necessarily be? What of those Catholic priests who still talk (unless, as is quite possible, this is a Protestant libel) of unbaptized persons "going to hell?"

There is only one remedy for blasphemy. The human race should not talk about God at all, except in his aspect to us of the Voice of Conscience—the only aspect we can know anything about. We are not as yet much fitter to discuss his absolute nature than the roebuck and the moorfowl are. There should be silence on the subject; then those who dislike ignorant and crude anthropomorphism would not be so continually hurt and jarred as they are at present, and would not, in their turn, hurt and jar the anthropomorphists. Those, of all types, who like blaspheming, or cannot help it (and perhaps we are all guilty) can indulge in it more harmlessly within their own souls. They are often very good people who do it, and, it is quite certain, have no idea of the harm they are doing in alienating half their hearers or readers and misleading the rest.

The Drama.

SINNERS BOTH.

I WAS astounded, the other evening at the Kingsway Theatre, to find myself back in the realm of "be" and "baint." I thought these words had gone the way of all things; but I realized during "Sinners Both" that they were recurrent. You never know when they will turn up. As a matter of fact, once you begin going to the theatre, you never know what will turn up. Look, for example at "Sinners Both." The visible actors were only two; those who played invisible and inaudible parts were a baby (one saw a bundle), a charwoman named Mrs. Grubb (one heard a knocking), and God. God was very active in the last scenes. He softened the woman's heart before our eyes, directly she had prayed to Him. Apart from these three, the two protagonists were very singularly alone in the world. They appeared to be respectable middle-aged folk, and one was a clergyman, but I had been in the theatre only a few moments before I found that the clergyman was the begotter of a child that was coming. There was no obvious reason, except obstinacy, why he should not marry the mother, who was clearly more than a match for him in dialectic and all other matters properly belonging to the decision of such affairs; but he refused to marry her owing to the effect it would

have upon his career, and succeeded in driving her off by sheer vehemence of clerical rebuke. The woman went, after taking a silent vow of a most sinister impressiveness.

In the second act she was back again, three months later, with her traps. The vow, it turned out, had been that her child should be born in its father's cottage. There ensued a great wrangle; but the woman triumphed here by a simple ruse. She fell at the clergyman's feet as he brandished his arm. He at once asserted that he had not meant to strike her, that in fact he had not struck her. It was no good. She lay there senseless, and it was absurd for him to make such statements to the impassive audience. It was plain that the child would be born in his cottage. I, in a simple-minded vein, supposed that this would disgrace both the clergyman and his *inamorata*. Not so. Act III. revealed the cleric's versatility. "The child" (so described until my companion could hardly bear the suspense, and cried out "Oh, I do wish I knew if it was a boy or a girl!") had been born in the interval. It was a silent child; but during the *accouchement* the clergyman had shown himself—on the admission of the mother—a capable doctor, midwife, cook, and housemaid. Incredible though it may seem, a child had been born in a village without a single soul in that village suspecting it. The deep secrecy of villages is famous, but I could not help feeling that some external force was aiding our cleric. Nothing otherwise could have kept that child's mouth shut. It was hermetically sealed. The baby never wailed during the whole of the two acts. It might almost not have been there.

Then began a fresh battle. The clergyman mentioned the child as his. The mother retorted that it was hers. He offered to buy it. She was adamant. He therefore made up his mind to marry the mother. They would, I think he said, "adopt" the child. He became quite eager for marriage. His fear of the adverse effect of marriage upon his career was thrown to the winds. That was because father-love was born in his heart. At last it was agreed that as it was a dark night he should go on to the cross-roads with the woman's baggage; that she should presently follow with the baby; and that after a lapse of three weeks they should be married in some distant place. But after he had gone, I thought I noticed a very unpleasant expression in the mother's eyes; and, sure enough, she paused in the doorway with her bundle (= baby), and remarked: "That be *your* plan. It bain't mine!"

Nobody could have been surprised, therefore, at the clergyman's fruitless journey. All the same, when he returned, he found the woman still in his cottage. He said, quite pleasantly, that he had waited for some hours, and that he would unpack the baggage. He then learned that the baby was missing. He asked if it was dead, and offered to kill the mother. No: it was not dead. He forced the woman to her knees and made her pray that her heart might be softened. The process of softening instantly began. In ten minutes the baby had been rescued from its hiding-place in the neighboring wood, its appetite had been appeased, mother-love awakened; and hope dawned once more. "I will not," the mother said, "give her to you. I will not sell her to you. I will share her with you."

The play is a foolish play, but it is written with a kind of mediocre sincerity, and it was acted with conviction. That is why the audience laughed in the right places and not in the wrong ones, and why it remained in the theatre until the end of the piece. Technically, "Sinners Both" has the interest of showing that two people can hold the stage, in duologue, for a whole evening. Otherwise it is without importance. It is merely instructive, and pathetically instructive. It teaches us that "be" and "bain't" are deathless. So, it appears, is the assertion that there is one law for the man, &c., and that the woman pays. In fact, every *cliché* of the moral discussion piece made its appearance; and the familiar phrases popped up like worms after rain. So much for theatrical progress, and the instructiveness of "Sinners Both." One serious defect the play has, and that is the incredibility of the passion of which it details only the consequences. But that again is a feature of dramatic convention. We are not supposed, in such plays, to think

about love or the little love-children, but only about the sterile arguments to which their existence gives rise. I cannot imagine that anybody ever behaved in our villages as the two people in "Sinners Both" behaved; but they must have been doing it on the boards for countless years, and I suppose they are now back again with us for a spell, full of passionless talk and that preoccupation with bastardy which is the natural excitement of thoroughly virtuous people.

FRANK SWINNERTON.

Art.

MEMORIAL OR INCUBUS?

THE case for a memorial to Edith Cavell was overwhelming. Whether she was a martyr or not depends upon the interpretation of the rules of war; that she was a heroine, of a rare and exalted kind, is beyond all doubt. She was that most exquisite product of a true civilization, the patriot who has passed beyond patriotism, whose instinctive love of her own country had been refined in the furnace of a higher and more devouring loyalty into a passionate devotion to all that her country is not and may be; and she had reached this purity of heart not by the perilous ways of scepticism, but by her sense of the imperious need of reconciling her two-fold citizenship, of the earthly city, and the city of God.

By the irony of sublimity things, the death of Edith Cavell was made the occasion of an outburst of furious hatred against the enemy. Yet I have not invented the character of this great woman; I am not a humanitarian romancer in describing her temper as I have done. Everyone has the record to his hand in the facsimile of the edition of the "Imitation of Christ" which she had with her in the prison of St. Gilles, where the passages that call on the Christian to exercise charity towards all men are scored again and again. We have it most simply and splendidly in the words which the British Chaplain at Brussels heard her say on the eve of her execution: "They have all been very kind to me here. But this I would say, standing as I do in view of God and eternity: I realize that patriotism is not enough. I must have no hatred or bitterness towards anyone."

That was Edith Cavell's message to her country. It could not have been more solemnly delivered or more deliberately framed. There could have been no nobler message, nor one of which humanity stands in greater need. If ever a hero chose the words by which he would be remembered to the world Edith Cavell chose them that night; they were her last will and testament to her country.

Those words of reconciliation, the sublimated expression of a fine soul already above the dust and fever of strife, do not appear on the memorial to her which Londoners have permitted in their central and principal square. That monument recently unveiled to Miss Cavell is a frank confession that we are unworthy of her; that not only have our artists been blind to the altitude and dignity of her spirit, but that we citizens are either ignorant of her last message to us, or else that we think nothing of her except that the Germans shot her. But we are sure British folk are not insensitive to that last noble appeal of hers. They easily respond to such selfless and moving words; and therefore that monument, which both traduces us and is monstrous as a testimony to such a spirit as Miss Cavell's, must go. It should forthwith be shrouded that visitors may not see what we have allowed, for it is not a testimony to our understanding of one who died on behalf of ourselves and humanity, but an obscuration of it. It is impossible.

This is no question of aesthetics to be argued among the *cognoscenti*. It is a question which intimately concerns the honor of every man and woman in England who has been moved by the immortal story of Nurse Cavell's heroism. It may be that there are

some who cannot see that this monolith is, merely as art, embarrassing to their country. There may be some who do not feel instinctively that to have placed the thing where it must be seen by everyone who enters the National Gallery to hold converse with the spirit of beauty, and by everyone who enters the Portrait Gallery to see what was the aspect and the dignity of the heroes of the past, is to expose us to censure. But even these can surely feel that it is more than unjust to Edith Cavell. It demeans her great sacrifice to have replaced the solemn message of the heroine with words that may be found in any monumental mason's catalogue. Why has her memorial consigned her last words to oblivion? But they will live imperishably, where all imperishable records are—in the hearts of the just.

This thing cannot be suffered to remain. Those who are not repelled by these tons of tortured granite—we find it hard to believe that there are any such—must be guided by those who are. It is far better that there should be no memorial at all to the national heroine than that this obelisk should continue to exist. Far better that a blank space should be left with the record on a slab of paving stone. "Here was to have been a national memorial to Edith Cavell: but no one could be found worthy to make it." It might be a lie; but such a lie would do honor to the nation; it would testify to posterity that England was capable of esteeming a noble soul at her true worth. The thing which stands there now will be, if allowed to remain, an all but eternal witness that the professed devotion to the memory of Edith Cavell was unillumined by a glimpse of understanding of her spirit.

Again, this is no outlandish question of aesthetic fitness. Put a schoolboy or a savage in front of this "memorial." He will see a creature with two great staring eyes and a square snout towering over the effigy of the heroine. Out of the head of this monster he will see arise the rudiments of a cross; out of the rudiments of this cross he will see arise a female figure of no conceivable significance, engaged in balancing a contorted baby on a portion of the cross which has no right to be there. And these are not all the marvels he will see. If he goes to the back of the memorial he will discover that the body of this ineffable female figure is the cross. Just as the square-snouted, goggled-eyed griffin below has sprouted into a cross, the cross in its turn has sprouted into a female. There is also a lion with his tail held in such a position as to explain his look of agony. The schoolboy or the savage, spared from the knowledge of what curious strangeness in the national taste the figure betokens, can laugh at it; no grown-up Englishman can.

JOHN MIDDLETON MURRY.

Present-Day Problems

"THE JEWISH PERIL."*

THE ultra-reactionary party of Russia appears to have begun its activities in England. Presumably through its influence and its instrumentality a pamphlet has been published entitled the "Jewish Peril," which has not only aroused a great deal of interest among the general public here but has also disturbed the minds of some of our leading politicians and public men. The whole of this pamphlet is merely a translation of part of the last chapter of a Russian book by Mr. Serge Nilus, a reactionary writer full of mystical ideas of the end of the world. The public may be left to judge of its true significance.

The full title of the book written by Serge Nilus is: "Great in Small and the Antichrist as a proximate political possibility.—Memoirs of an Orthodox." Published by the press of Tsarskoe Selo, under the name of the Committee of the Red Cross, 1905, it was passed by the Censorship in 1905, and is dedicated to Father John of Cronstadt. There are two prefaces, the first of which is dated 3rd June, 1903, when the first edition was

* "The Jewish Peril: Protocols of the Learned Elders of Zion." (Eyre and Spottiswoode, 1920.)

published in Solotarevo. The book has twelve chapters, the last of which contains the so-called Protocols of the Elders of Zion with two appendices. The chapters are as follows:—

1. How the Orthodox was converted to the orthodox faith.
2. One of the contemporary miracles of Saint Serge.
3. Journey to Sarovsky hermitage and to Seraphim Diveevsky convent.
4. The lay brother of the Virgin and of the Seraphims.
5. The Spirit of God which appeared to Father Seraphim Sarovsky when engaged in a conversation (on the aims of the Christian life) with a Sembrisky landlord and a "sovestnii sudya" (i.e., justice of the peace), N.A. Motovilov.
6. Father Seraphim and opinions on a case of murder (from the reminiscences of a Lutheran).
7. An episode in the life of an elder of the Optinoi hermitage, Father Ambrose.
8. Father Egor Chekryakovsky.
9. One of the secrets of divine administration.
10. The inhabitants of heaven.
11. What is awaiting Russia (from the prophecies of St. Seraphim).
12. Antichrist as a political possibility in the future [with Protocols of the Elders of Zion].

Chapters 10 and 12 were additions to the second edition, the first having been sold out before 1905.

To show what kind of man was this Mr. S. Nilus, landlord and noble of the Government of Orel, it is essential to give the reader some idea of the contents of these chapters.

The general purpose of the book is to uphold orthodoxy and to draw a halo round its saints. It is the production of a somewhat neurotic member of the Greek Church, a devoted adherent of autocracy, who looks with dread at the restless spirits around and their progressive notions.

According to his own story Nilus was born in 1862 and belonged to a Russian family of Liberal opinions. In his youth he was indifferent to religion. "I did not know how to pray, and only went to church by accident, and was hostile to Holy Writ. In ignorance of God, I, an orthodox youth in name only, went to the University where of course no one had any 'truck' with orthodoxy. While there, I reached," he continues, "a low depth of spiritual desolation. My state of spiritual darkness can only be imagined by the man who himself falling down into spiritual darkness has suddenly been upheld by the unseen hand of the Blessed Creator."

From the University of Moscow Nilus entered the civil service, obtaining some appointment in the Law Courts, and shortly after received a post under the Procurator of a provincial court in the Caucasus: but growing tired of this employment he returned home to look after his estates.

On the one side Nilus's account of his career is very meagre, names of places and dates being omitted everywhere; on the other side his story of his spiritual life is very full. He describes minutely his conversion. "Once in Passion week," he writes, "after not having confessed for over seven years I went to Confession and took part in the Communion, after which I experienced an incomprehensible inner agitation. I would hardly acknowledge it to myself, but I felt myself suddenly renewed, or as if some new life had entered into me. The inner unseen power could not remain inert, and I began to thirst after prayer." He took refuge in the Troitsky-Sergeevsky monastery where he earnestly sought forgiveness for his sins. In answer to his appeal for pardon Saint Serge, stern and angry, appeared to him twice in vision. He left the monastery a converted man.

Following his story of the book, we next find Nilus in Petrograd with a severe cold which deprives him of the use of his voice. In this condition he is persuaded to go to the famous Father John of Cronstadt. On arrival at the Church he is received by a priest who takes him to Father John, introducing him as a gentleman from the Government of Orel: "A well-known family," remarks Father John. "How did you lose your voice? Did you catch cold?"

"I could not answer a word," relates Nilus. "I could only look on Father John in despair. Then he gave me a crucifix to kiss, and after placing it on the

little reading desk (naanalo) ran two of his fingers twice on the inside of the collar of my shirt. The fever left me at once and my voice was restored whole and clearer than ever before. What happened to my soul I cannot explain."

Nilus is a very common type of Russian mystic and fanatic, to whom the spiritual life transcends every other and to whom miracles and visions are of daily occurrence. When not talking about his soul and the beauties of perfect faith as shown by the priests in the monasteries he visits, he relates the religious life of other saintly men and the appearances from the spiritual world which they have had the happiness to witness. In his chapters we have the record of several dreams which his friends have communicated to him, but of course in no instance does he vouchsafe to give us their names.

It is in connection with dreams that Antichrist is first mentioned. Count A. P. Tolstoy, Pobedonostsev's predecessor as procurator of the Holy Synod, in a letter to Father Ambrose of the Optin monastery, relates a dream of a friend in 1866. It deals with the coming of Antichrist, and with the last seven years during which Antichrist will dominate the world before he is finally overthrown. Incidentally this letter shows the devotion of the orthodox Russian for his religion and how fearful he was of the calamities which he thought were going to overtake his Church. Eleven years after, in 1877, Count Tolstoy writes again to the same monastery recording another dream of his own on the end of the world. These dreams and a dissertation on Soloviev, the Russian mystical philosopher's views on Antichrist, fill several pages and are introductory to the so-called Protocols.

Nilus disagrees with Soloviev as to who is Antichrist. The philosopher says that the freemasons will produce Antichrist; they will not be successful, he adds, until they have appointed a man with full powers to carry on their general policy. The chief candidate for this post, according to Soloviev, is still an unknown member of the freemasons. Nilus, however, as far as we can understand his involved phraseology, declares that Antichrist is not a single person, but the whole secret Jewish international community. This is Nilus' Antichrist.

To prove this, Nilus incorporates the so-called Protocols (undated) which he received from a friend (unnamed). Now what do these Protocols amount to? They amount to this. The Jewish people have for twenty centuries stirred up sedition by introducing liberal ideas which have acted as a poison, and have weakened the power of kings and autocracy. The thing to be done now, say the Protocols, is to create disorder by encouraging further liberal ideas, and so undermining regular government. When a state of anarchy and revolution has been reached the working classes will be poor and every class dissatisfied and the world will be ripe for a *coup d'état*. Then a king, a descendant of David (i.e. a Russian Tsar), an autocratic ruler with hereditary instincts, will be set on a throne and all property will belong to him, and his power will be absolute.

The writer of the Protocols is continually insisting on the value of an autocracy, the value of an aristocracy and of class distinctions, while fearing capital and liberal ideas. A pamphlet that draws this moral is obviously the last which an international Jewish secret society would publish. The Utopia to which the Protocols look forward is really Russia as it was in the time of Peter the Great.

Various passages have been omitted by the translator, notably one which lays the blame for the French Revolution at the doors of Zion. In the last sentence of the introduction the translator puts into Nilus's mouth the following words: "To gain the Almighty's mercy and to delay the hour of Russia's fall." This sentence does not exist in the original, where Nilus speaks of the impending fall of Nineveh, and from the context it is quite clear that he means the whole world, whose fall may be delayed by the prayers of the Orthodox Russian nation.

After a rapid allusion to the contest between the Papacy and the Sanhedrim for supremacy in preparing the way for the coming Empire of Antichrist, Nilus

passes to something that is of much more interest to us in this country.

Nilus explains that in the Middle Ages the Templars were the instrument employed by the Sanhedrim. After their destruction by the French King Philip le Bel a new directing centre was created by the Sanhedrim in Scotland. From this point we may translate literally.

"The root of evil was transported from France to Scotland, and there, under a new name, an alliance was made with united England, for whose benefit the veil covering the secrets (of the Sanhedrim) was raised, and mortal war was declared against the Papacy. These activities continue until the present day, England receiving help in her intrigues all over the world from the capital and the genius of which the Sanhedrim has a superabundant quantity.

"Why is it that the English State was chosen as a mainstay for Zion? The Sanhedrim does not answer. We are inclined (says Nilus) to think that the explanation is to be found in the insularity of this powerful State, and possibly in the racial relationship between the English and the Jews. It is known that a whole scientific theory exists which proves that the English are one of the ten lost tribes of Israel. But the Sanhedrim ruthlessly directs contemporary science to suit its own ends, inventing the most convenient theories. There are certain very delicate signs in the air that a new theory is already in the making according to which the honor of being related to God's chosen people is to be ceded by the Sanhedrim to America and Japan. *Avis a l'Angleterre!*"

Nilus continues to insist on the help which England, "the faithful ally of the Sanhedrim," has contributed to the destruction and transformation of every country in Europe, and states that Orthodox Russia and autocracy are the last surviving defence against the ultimate triumph of Antichrist.

We are left wondering why this kind of nauseating outpouring of a perverted religiosity should be foisted on the British public in an anonymous shape without a clue to its real origin and full context, and with the consequent probability of misunderstanding and misrepresentation. Nothing could illustrate more forcibly the ignorance of the British public on Russian affairs.

If anyone were to look through the files of the "Rossiya" for the years 1906-8 he would find many articles with statements similar to those of the Protocols. The obvious purpose of Nilus was to demonstrate his theory that Antichrist would arise from the Jewish community. He hardly seriously suggested that he ever actually got any reliable documents with the contents of the Protocols, but it seems to me he is only using this as a literary device to put forward his own views.

C. HAGBERG WRIGHT.

Communications.

TEN-A-PENNY.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—One of the horrors of Peace is the revival of the kind of "interview" which is technically known in Fleet-street as "tripe." That is hardly fair to tripe. You can eat yards of tripe and remain strong. But twenty-two inches—one newspaper column—of interview tripe must, if they are human, not only nauseate the newspaper gentlemen who dress and cook it, but certainly, too, soften the brain of the reader who swallows it for breakfast or supper. One of the more genial psychologists might remark that this is precisely the design—so to affect the reader's brain that he will be in an ideal condition for reading the leading articles. But people who know Fleet-street assert that organization is not so ingenious as all that in the circulation factories. Why, then, is the tripe there? What is it for? The answer is, in a double sense, Nothing.

It means Nothing; but, on the other and important hand, it is got for Nothing. It may not fill any space in the powerless reader's head. But it fills space in the paper—for Nothing.

You know the kind of thing. One of those clock-

work-tongued Solomons that no motor-bus ever seems to run over—one of those inextinguishables whose babble induced us to think something might be said for air-raids if they found out the right people—says something like this: "Women should wear trousers for housework. Look how nobly the Land Girls did in trousers. Properly worn, they would look very nice."

In a perfect civilization, someone would merely set a dog at the fellow and the incident would be closed. But what happens in 1920? Intelligent men are seen rushing out (by order) from the printed-paper mills to gather tripe—i.e., "interviews"—on the nonsensical text. Out they go to "interview" the good old stock celebrities. The editorial ideal of this kind of twenty-two inches of tripe would include "views from the following":—The Prince of Wales, Mr. Lloyd George, Lord Birkenhead, Einstein, Sir Harry Lauder, Mr. Asquith, Melbourne Inman, Ethel Dell, Lord Lonsdale, Sir J. M. Barrie, Carpentier, Mr. George R. Sims, Edison (by special cable), Harry Vardon, Marconi (by wireless), Mary Pickford (by special cable), the Bishop of London, and the Silent Wife.

Such a triumph is of course impracticable, but it is gospel truth, I am assured, to say that the news editor who brought off such a column as this would be asked to name his own salary, presented with a £3,000 motor-car, and handed an emerald necklace for his wife, by his obsequious employer. These things are bound to be, perhaps, in a state of journalism where prize-fighters and movie-actors are the best people, and statesmen are discussed with such asperity that you wonder why they are living in lazy luxury instead of at those homes-from-home in the Blackfriars-road, with "Beds for Respectable Men, 6d. a Night" on their porch lamps.

But it's never too late to mend; and this is a solemn appeal from one newspaper reader on behalf of millions of dumb sufferers—an appeal to newspapers to give us all a rest from tripe; not an unreasonably long rest—only about twenty-five years or so.

The newspapers cannot induce the really great characters to say whether women should wear trousers during housework; and we are weary of the little stock celebrities these journals maintain as a sort of Tussaud's. One little feminine celebrity happens to remark, "Women are braver than men in facing armed burglars at midnight." Then the fat is in the fire. All the other minor feminine celebrities now have to be interviewed. "What would you do if a possible murderer entered your room at midnight armed with a Lewis gun and wheelbarrow full of bombs?" The sensible answer would be: "Get under the bed-clothes and wait for the 'All Clear.'"

But no: the celebrities don't let us off so crisply as that. One, maybe, says she would try to interest him in poultry farming as a less dangerous way of earning a living. Another declares that she would read the "Encyclopædia Britannica" to him till he fell asleep, and then she would motor over to the village policeman. Another, kindly soul, would take him into the drawing-room and sing to him the songs he knew in childhood, thus reminding him of his mother and melting his heart. And still another says that she would disconcert him by coolly eating cold apple pie while he threatened her. *She* goes first in the "symposium," as tripe is called in Latin, with "Would Eat Cold Apple Pie" as the sub-heading and her photo inset. If it were a picture paper the matter would be worse. They would give us a snapshot of the lady in the act of eating cold apple pie; or, if that were not to be got, a photograph of the lady and a photograph of a piece of cold apple pie beside it.

Is there any use in appealing to the newspaper organizers responsible for the revival of tripe? Even "the Huns" don't inflict this kind of wanton torture on newspaper readers who have never done anyone harm; and as for France, such stuff couldn't by any miracle get into the French newspapers. Imagine Parisian journalism chasing ten-a-penny limelighters for such inanities! It is to laugh.

Isn't it time, in fact, that Fleet-street showed more respect for its own people? It is commonly said that newspapers don't get more than twenty-five per cent. of their capacity out of their writing staffs. This perpetual chase after babblers by men and women of talent turns their heads grey and their hearts sick. If a young man goes into an engineering shop with enthusiasm for engineering, it mortifies him to end by attending to dustbins. And interviewing ten-a-penny celebrities, like writing articles for twopenny-halfpenny celebrities to sign—another common practice in journalism—is only dustmanship at a salary instead of a wage. That is why, if you are intimate with newspaper writers, you will find that the most popular people, with Fleet-street, are those who invariably decline to be "interviewed."—Yours, &c.,

FRANK ALDRIDGE.

Letters to the Editor.

MR. BENNETT AND MR. GARVICE'S WORK.

SIR,—Mr. Middleton Murry has left the point—at any rate, my point. I objected to "Wayfarer's" superior attitude towards Charles Garvice's work, which I maintained was no worse than plenty of work taken quite seriously by *THE NATION*—and, I may add, by "The Athenæum" and "The Times Literary Supplement."

There is no foundation for the insinuation that I am liable to be driven to the conclusion that "no popular taste can be a bad taste." Mr. Murry has either not read my critical side-shows or has read them in his sleep. He did, however, note what I said of the artistic valuelessness of Charles Garvice's work, and this alone should have prevented the insinuation.

I may be too fond of emphasizing the mechanical element in the profession of literature. But I wish to heaven some of my contemporaries would emphasize it a little more. The English, however, seem to have a distaste for thorough technical competence in literature. They have not yet got rid of the Byronic attitude.

I admire Mr. Murry's courage in asserting that "the popular writers of a hundred years ago had infinitely more artistic, literary, or social conscience than they have to-day." (Mr. Middleton Murry's English—an example of what scorn of the "mechanical" element leads to!) He specially mentions Byron, Dickens, and Scott. Byron was a great genius. "Don Juan" is a terrific work. But there is scarcely a page of it which does not show that an artistic conscience was not Byron's strong point. It is notorious that Dickens, like Thackeray, often wrote under self-imposed conditions (especially conditions of haste) which made real artistic integrity impossible. The same is even more true of Scott. Nearly everybody knows this, and if Mr. Murry does not know it he should acquaint himself with literary history and so for the future avoid making generalizations which are entirely absurd.

Not long since I re-read "Quentin Durward." What a book of hasty expedients, adroit evasions of difficulties, and artistic "slimness." If I wasn't so tragically addicted to money-making I would write a destructive study of "Quentin Durward." And, incidentally, I would prove that the "artistic, literary, or social conscience" is quite as active to-day as ever it was.

Mr. Murry says he can sympathize with my "evident desire to disconcert the preciousness of the aesthete." But when he says that things, such as Charles Garvice made, were "simply not worth making well," &c., I charge him with precisely the preciousness of the aesthete. Was it not worth while to give pleasure to the naïve millions for whom Charles Garvice catered honestly and to the best of his very competent ability? Ought these millions to be deprived of what they like, ought they to be compelled to bore themselves with what Mr. Murry likes, merely because Mr. Murry's taste is better than theirs? The idea is ridiculous. The idea is snobbish in the worst degree. Taste is still

relative. Mr. Murry, though his recent services to the cause of good taste in all the arts have been conspicuously brilliant and laudable, has probably not yet reached the absolute of taste. Charles Garvice's work was worth doing, and since it was worth doing it was worth doing well.

The attitude shown by "Wayfarer" and Mr. Murry in these matters is, in my opinion, mischievous and perverse, and as long as I have a pen I will never cease to object to such attitudes. The pity is that these attitudinizers, whom I esteem and even love, could not put up a better defence than they did. "Wayfarer's" performance in your last issue was remarkable only for *bravura* in the use of the red herring. It was not very clever to refer to Mr. Bernard Shaw in derision as a literary tradesman.—Yours, &c.,

ARNOLD BENNETT.

12a, George Street, Hanover Square, W. 1.

THE EMPLOYMENT OF BLACK TROOPS IN EUROPE.

SIR,—I would like to preface what follows on the result of maintaining a negro army in Europe by disclaiming anything in the nature of an attack upon "France." In my opinion the French working classes are either ignorant, or disapprove, of what is being done. The mingled fear, Imperialism and revenge which dictate French foreign policy to-day, emanate from the influences which were responsible for the betrayal of democracy at Versailles. Against those influences the French working classes have consistently protested. Nor is the protest wholly confined to those classes.

It is not generally known that the French have stationed thousands of negro troops in the Rhine province and the Palatinate. There are, I believe, something like 30,000 of them in the area occupied under the Peace Treaty. The bulk of these men, let it be well understood, are primitives, some of them torn from their homes under circumstances which compelled the resignation of the Governor-General of French West Africa. Barbarism *per se* is no crime, and no subject for opprobrium. The crime is that of those who train barbarism for scientific slaughter, and who thrust barbarians—barbarians belonging to a race inspired by Nature, and for good reason, with tremendous sexual instincts—into the heart of Europe. The marvel is that the abhorrence which this policy is creating does not find more frequent expression. Imagine what our feelings would be in England if a conquering Germany were garrisoning Welsh towns and villages with levies from the Kamerun and German East Africa.

Now, the garrisoning of European towns and of a European countryside with black barbarians must entail certain consequences. It does not matter whether available reports are few or numerous. Given the presence of this factor in the life of the Palatinate, the natural effects must follow. For four years these West African levies have been killing white men on behalf of other white men in Europe. That action will presently be paid for by *all* white men from one end of Africa to the other. Now that the war is over, to the folly is added the evil of quartering these people upon communities of the same Europeans whom they have been slaughtering and been slaughtered by. Who can doubt the results?

I wish to draw the attention of all whom it may concern—and whom does it not concern?—to a policy which in itself is an affront to what I suppose we must still call the "civilised" world.

Black troops cannot be confined to barracks any more than white troops can be, and we know what black troops roaming the countryside must mean. The concentration of masses of black troops in towns means that brothels must be provided, and it has been stated that the municipalities of the Palatinate towns have been compelled to establish and maintain them for this purpose. To the hardships, disorders and humiliations incidental to the occupation of a conquered country by foreign troops, is being added, in time of peace, a terror which cannot be adequately described.—Yours, &c.,

E. D. MOREL.

AN EAST-END LIBRARY.

SIR,—Plans have been laid to start in the East End a library which was long used by both officers and men of the B.E.F. at Havre, under the name of the Y.M.C.A. Book Room.

Thanks to the kind co-operation of the Y.M.C.A., it is now possible to reopen this library at Mansfield House in Canning Town, where it is hoped that it will serve as an East End centre for men and women interested in literature, art, and thought. It is to be run in as human a way as possible. The books will be on shelves accessible to the reader, who will thus handle them personally instead of having to rely on a catalogue. Advice about books and reading will be available from the Librarian, a lady who acted in this capacity at Havre. A certain number of periodicals will be available. There will be flowers in the room, a feature much appreciated in France. It is intended, also, to have a small amount of good literature and pictures for sale, as it is not easy to get these in the East End. The place aims at being not only a library, but a centre where discussions, poetry readings, &c., will take place.

In order to carry out this piece of pioneer work at least £200 is needed. Any help in realizing this sum will be very much appreciated. Donations will be acknowledged by A. Reade, Esq., Warden of Mansfield House, Canning Town, E 16.—Yours, &c.,

GILBERT MURRAY,
H. G. WELLS.

THE TRUTH ABOUT HUNGARY.

SIR,—The March 20th number of THE NATION published a letter from Mr. Louis Felberman which tries to give a moral basis to the Imperialist endeavors of the Magyars, and which is very characteristic of the political thinking of the Magyar nation. Mr. Felberman objects, for instance, that "it is proposed to deprive Hungary not only of all her *subject nationals*, but also to detach from her some 3½ millions pure Hungarians." He is protesting against those 3½ million Magyars becoming foreign subjects, but, on the other hand, he finds it quite natural that there were more than 10 millions of different nationalities under Magyar submission, till the victory of the Allies gave them their freedom.

It may be true that the population of several of the large cities coming now under foreign rule is mostly Magyar, but this was the result of the forcible Magyarization policy of the Hungarian Governments, and not of a natural development.

Mr. Felberman mentions the Szeklers who are living in compact masses in Transylvania, but he forgets to mention that in the meantime the Szeklers have declared their union with the Roumanians. The representative of the Szekler nation pointed out in the Bucharest Parliament that the economic interests of Szeklers stood always nearer to the Roumanians than to the Hungarians.

The Magyars are quite unable to resign themselves to the loss of their supremacy over foreign nationals although they proved themselves unworthy to govern them by their cruel and inhuman treatment, which reached its highest point during the war. Many hundreds of gentlewomen were imprisoned for years only because they have thrown flowers to the Roumanian soldiers. Now, also, as the Magyars have no more foreign nationals to be prosecuted, they are prosecuting in a most cruel and inhuman manner the Hungarian Jews, giving thus a clear proof that their defeat did not change at all their nature.

At the outbreak of the war the Magyars joined with enthusiasm the Germans and rendered them immeasurable services. They delivered them foodstuffs and other raw materials, and prolonged in this way the war. Mr. Felberman quotes the speech of Lord Newton, according to which "there has always been the keenest sympathy with this country." This statement was certainly not based on personal experience. I have been, during the war, several times in Budapest and may state with full decision just the contrary. The German "Gott strafe England" movement was extremely popular in Hungary, there were many people

who wore emblems with such inscription as "God punish England," and one could read the same inscription on most of the shops.

At the present the Magyars find it more convenient to show a sympathy towards England, and their skilled political agents understand too well to deceive the public opinion in this regard.—Yours, &c.,

PAVEL ENESCO.

LIBERAL-COALITION FUSION.

SIR,—What will it profit Labor—other than certain fortunate individuals—if it vastly increases its representation in the House of Commons, yet falls short of the total that would give it the right and power to govern? I assert, from practical experience elsewhere, that so far from being a real gain to the Labor cause, the probable large increase—yet for governing purposes, insufficient increase—in its parliamentary representation, might beget a permanent disaster to its political prospects. Thus, in the face of the danger of the destruction of Liberalism—and it is, primarily, Liberalism that is menaced by the lone hand policy of the Labor Party—the Liberals, whose political lives were threatened, would be more than tempted to cast in their lot with those who are now their Tory opponents. What then would be Labor's chances, when the vote that is now divided between the Liberals and Unionists would be solidly cast for the Fusion's candidates?

It might here be said that some of the Liberal voters would be predisposed to support Labor rather than the Fusion. Doubtless, as things now are, this would be so; but the trouble is that the Liberal politicians would take more than votes with them to the enemy. They would take their capitalists and their newspapers. That is precisely what happened in Australia. Now, if the incalculable aid that is now given to Democracy by the Liberal Press was transferred to its opponents and practically the whole of the Press was daily proclaiming that Labor meant Bolshevism, or rather the weird caricature that does duty for it, what proportion of the Liberal electors would stand firm for the cause that would be the sole representative of progressive thought? Is it not certain that it would be wholly insignificant? Would not even the allegiance of weak-kneed Laborites be shaken?

Let Labor consider this carefully, and if it be then guided by the results of disastrous experience in the Dominions, it will seek rather to come to an agreement with Liberalism, which, while it would leave both parties as free as they now are to carry on their propaganda and, if possible, increase their numbers amongst the electors, would prevent the present deplorable contests in the constituencies, which are now in very many cases made into gifts for the enemy—that is to say, to the Coalition.

To arrive at an understanding which would cover the whole of Britain should not be difficult for a convention to arrange. It may be that some of the seats now held by free Liberals are, owing to the industrial character of the electorates, such as should be left free for Labor candidates, and, conversely, there may be other constituencies where Labor has secured seats on a minority vote which, owing to the facts, may not again be expected, and these should be considered for allotment to Liberals. These electorates having been thus provided for, the seats now held by the Coalition should be attacked, after a careful investigation, by but one candidate—whether Labor or Liberal.

Of course, there is the contingency that non-endorsed candidates of either party would stand; but that could be provided for when the Liberals got into power.

If Labor asks: What do we get by putting the Liberals into power? The answer is that whilst Liberalism does not spell Social Democracy, it means freedom to Europe; Peace with Russia; a revision of the present infamous Peace Treaty; the establishment of the League of Nations as a real thing.—Yours, &c.,

R. P. T.

ITALY AND THE SOUTH TYROL.

SIR,—A few days ago I received a copy of your issue of January 31st, and was greatly surprised to read the letter bearing the above title signed Lucy Re-Bartlett. I do not know whether it has been commented upon, but as a constant

visitor to South Tyrol during more than twenty years, in constant touch with some of her people, one who speaks and understands their dialect, and, moreover, an Englishwoman, I hope you will allow me to trespass on your space.

Your correspondent asserts that "no bitterness exists between the South Tyrolese and the new Italian administration." On what grounds does she base this statement? Outwardly they remain quiet, inwardly they bitterly resent their yoke; naturally they do not openly express this, least of all to a stranger. It would indeed be remarkable if a race so strongly German as are these South Tyrolese were in so short a space of time to forget and forgive. Besides, the prison awaits those who dare speak out. How impossible the rule of a foreigner, and how profound their hatred of a foreign thrall is, we have seen in the late *plébiscite* in Schleswig.

Further, it is not true that "we all know that economical conditions take precedence of any other." Take, for instance, Trieste; her liberation through the break-up of Austria-Hungary has cost her dear, and yet knowing the price she would have to pay, this city preferred her freedom to her better economic conditions under the old *régime*. It is very questionable as to whether the South Tyrolese are now better off economically than they were under the rule of Austria. Then they had no competitors, and their wines, grapes, apples, and other products found eager markets in Vienna and other cities of the then Austria, in Germany, and even in England.

The statement that "their access to the valleys of the Inn and Drava will not be impeded," is indeed astonishing. Is the writer ignorant of the fact that there is a railway running from Vienna via Villach, through the valley of the Drava, over Franzensfeste and Brenner to the valley of the Inn, and southward to Italy via the valley of the Etsch, and that this line has been in existence about forty years? A shorter way was constructed through the Tauern some dozen years ago to connect Trieste via Villach, on the one side, and Salzburg, Tyrol, and South Germany on the other. Moreover, there was the Val Sugana line running direct from Trieste to Venice, also constructed by the Austrian Government. It is true that for strategic reasons she did not build a railway through the Ampezzo Valley, just as it is true that on the same grounds Italy did during the war, though not with any intention of facilitating commercial intercourse between Italy and South Tyrol.

As to "nationality and Andreas Hofer's rising not being of a national character," your correspondent is equally at fault. The revolt was directed against the French and Bavarians because in the latter they saw the French hirelings fighting for the French cause. How could the Bavarians "profoundly offend the Tyrolese in their customs and their faith" when the same customs and faith are common to both countries? How could the Tyrolese have expected *autonomy* in return for their uprising, knowing as they did that their good Emperor Francis was reactionary and would not grant an iota of political freedom to those under his rule?

Mazzini's appeal to the "fundamentally Italian character, both natural and cultural, of all this region" is of little moment now. His was the "one man's" view. He was not speaking of South Tyrol as far as the Brenner, but of the parts of it purely Italian. For even the observant stranger travelling for the first time through these parts could not fail to be struck by the differences between the German and Italian towns and districts. The flat roofs of the latter differ vastly from the pointed ones of the Germans. The exterior decorations of the architecture of German South Tyrol is akin to that of the German Cantons of Switzerland, North Tyrol, Vorarlberg, Salzburg, Styria, and other South German provinces; it is the same with the interior decorations, distribution and form of the rooms, furniture, &c.

Finally, does L. Re-Bartlett really believe that "Italy is doing as she would be done by"? At present there are few signs of this. What she really has done since she entered on her occupation is to expel all German officials, school teachers, railway employees, and replace them with Italian ones, deny use of German in official or judicial transactions, and so on. They have Italianized the names of the railway stations, towns, and villages so that the Germans of South Tyrol, in point of fact, do not know where they live. Neither

will those English and Americans who delighted in this country recognize her new names. Here are a few changes: for Bozen read Bolsano; Toblach, Dobbiaco; the purely German and ancient town of Sterzing has been baptized Vipiteno; Niederdorf, Villa Bassa; Bruneck, Brunico; Pragersee, Lago di Prages; Welsberg, Monguelfo; Brenner, Brennero, and so forth. A far more liberal spirit ruled under old Austria; she never sought to Germanize the Italian names of the places in South Tyrol or to encroach on the language of its inhabitants.

Until the Peace of St. Germain the South Tyrolese fervently believed in Wilson's now notorious Fourteen Points. They still in the silence of their hearts believe England and America will not desert them entirely, and that in the near future the promised and eagerly watched for *plebiscite* will be granted them. It cannot be that a race so entirely opposed in character, habits of life, language, and sentiment can remain satisfied with their lot under Italy. The *irredenta* is smouldering, the flames will be ready to burst forth when the moment arrives; it is only the nationality and frontier of the *irredenta* which has changed. No consorship of the press, such as is now exercised in South Tyrol, will be able to prevent its coming.—Yours, &c.,

AMELIA S. LEVETUS.

Vienna, XIX., Peter Jordanstrasse 27.

HORRORS OF WAR.

SIR,—I have just read the article on the "New Horrors of War," and I heartily endorse General Sir Louis Jackson's opinions as to the methods of destroying human life, though he fails to express what is really in his mind. Unfortunately, because he is possessed of gumption, your writer seems to look upon him as a militarist.

All methods of killing are legitimate in self-defence, provided your aim is accurate. The question we have to answer is, what causes the least pain in the event of not killing the enemy? Most theorists seem to regard the rifle and revolver as merciful instruments. What is less painful than a bullet in the heart? But what is more painful than a bullet in the kidneys? Anyone who has been on a battlefield knows that death is not the real horror of war. If men quaked in action it was not from fear of death.

I never could understand (especially in the firing-line) why people should protest against the use of poison gas, to the advantage of high explosive. Fleet Street sentimentalists wrung their hands (probably to order) when it was introduced as though a 59 was something to be thankful for.

But when men or nations are fighting for their lives, whether they are in the right or in the wrong, they cannot afford to be squeamish; the moments are precious. If a burglar broke into your house, would you waste time looking for something "decent" with which to protect yourself? If the poker was not handy you would, I am sure, pick up the nearest bottle (of course, you might stop to empty it if it contained something good) even if you were painfully conscious of the effect of broken glass.—Yours, &c.,

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Poetry.

MADNESS.

I ASKED of crazy Tim one day
What madness was, and Tim did say,
Laying a large white hand on me
And sane as any man might be,
"There's madness in the one who twits
Poor crazy Tim with wandering wits!"
Then Tim the crazy turned his eyes
Towards the woods, towards the skies;
Down to the grass Tim turned his face,
Then said, "By Jesu Mother's grace
He'll tell to you, will crazy Tim,
What a white angel told to him—
Because you could not well deny
A truth that fell from out the sky!"

"Poor crazy Tim, three dawns ago,
Saw a great bird in glory go;
Smooth-breasted, irised, plump, alive—
With bloody breast Tim saw it dive;
It never crashed to earth—I swear
A white angel from the air
Caught its poor bleeding breast to him
And as its startled eye burned dim
Saw crazy Tim stand watching by—
'Who standeth there?' Quoth Tim, 'Tis I!'
'Art mad?' Strange eyes the angel had—
Tim scratched his head, 'Folk call me mad!'
'Wouldst fill a pigeon's breast with shot?'
Said crazy Tim, 'That would I not!
By each live thing that runs or flies
Above the earth, below the skies—
My friends they are to come or go!
Sweet dying pigeon, is't not so?'
Saw the white angel a strange thing;
With feeble sudden fluttering
The dying pigeon made its nest
On crazy Tim's half-naked breast.

"Said the white angel, 'Since you love
Great things and small, below, above;
Since you are wise with gentleness;
Since you are tender at distress—
Your brain is clear as God's own eyes;
They count you sane in Paradise!
But a dark dreadful madness clings
About these bloody murderings;
The one who shot this life away
With madness blotches the sweet day—
Sews in the grass red crawling drops—
Smears crimson on the far tree tops—
With thick slow red makes rivers run—
With blood-foul muslins shrouds the sun!
Now thou it seems art wanting wit—
If that's not madness, what is it?'"

Said Tim, "A white angel told me so
On Shannon Heath three dawns ago!"

L. M. PRIEST.

EPITAPH.

"WHY did you die?"—"I died of everything:
Life was deep waters robbing me of breath,
Sorrow, delight, love, music, Winter—Spring—
Slew me in turn—and last of all came Death."

MARGARET SACKVILLE.

The World of Books.

THE "NATION" OFFICE, THURSDAY NIGHT.

THE following is our weekly selection of books which we commend to the notice of our readers:—

- "Germany and the French Revolution." By G. P. Gooch. (Longmans. 14s.)
 "Nationalization and the Mines." By Frank Hodges. (Leonard Parsons. 4s. 6d.)
 "The World after the War." By Charles Roden and Dorothy Buxton. (Allen & Unwin. 7s. 6d.)
 "The Philosophical Theory of the State." By Bernard Bosanquet. (Macmillan. 15s.)
 "The Reign of Religion in Contemporary Philosophy." By S. Radhakrishnan, M.A. (Macmillan. 12s.)
 "Further Letters of John Butler Yeats." Selected and edited by Lennox Robinson. (Cuala Press, Dundrum. 12s. 6d.)

* * *

THE last number of the "Chapbook," containing "Three Critical Essays on Modern English Poetry" by three well-known critics of literature, I read with eager attention, for I will confess I have no handy rule, not one that I can describe, which I can run over new work in poetry or prose with unflinching satisfaction. My credentials as a literary critic would not, I fear, bear five minutes' scrutiny; but I never cease to look for that defined and adequate equipment, such as even a carpenter calls his tool-chest, full of cryptic implements, each designed for some particular job, and every implement named. It is too bad to have to admit it, but all I possess is a sort of home-made gimlet to test for dry-rot (hardly necessary, for one glance does it, after a little practice), and another implement, a very ancient heirloom, snatched at only on impulse, a stone axe. But these are poor tools, and sooner or later I shall be found out.

* * *

THERE was a time when I was very hopeful about discovering a book on literary criticism which would make the rough places plainer for me, and encourage me to look less embarrassed when present where literary folk were estimating great poetry and great prose. One does feel such a simple on those occasions! If one could only discover the means of attaining to that rather common easy confidence and emphasis when making literary comparisons! Yet though this interesting number of the "Chapbook" submitted much that I could agree to at once, it left me as isolated and helpless as before. One writer said: "There is but one art of writing, and that is the art of poetry. The test of poetry is sincerity. The test of sincerity is style; and the test of style is personality." Excellent, we exclaim immediately; and then slowly we begin to suspect there is a catch somewhere in it. Of course, does not the test for sunlight distinguish it at once from insincere limelight? But what is the test, and would it be of any use to those who are likely to mistake limelight for daylight?

* * *

I CANNOT say I was ever helped greatly by what I have read concerning the standards for literary criticism. Of the many wise and learned critics whose works I have gone to for help, I can remember only Aristotle, Longinus, Tolstoy, and Anatole France—probably because it was easy for the innocent to agree with such dominating minds. Of the moderns, I enjoy reading anything "Q." has to say about books; useless pleasure again, for what does one get but "Q.'s" full, friendly, ironic, and humorous mind? Lately, too, the critics have been unanimously recommending to us—

and that shows the genuine value to the community of mere book reviewers—the "Letters of Tchekhov"; as good a book as we have had for a very long time. But they did not make enough of Tchekhov as a critic of letters, and that wise and lovable author, among his letters, made many casual asides about art that were pleasing, and therefore right to me. It may be that most of the good things said about books are said in casual asides:—

"But of the word 'art,' I am terrified, as merchants' wives are terrified of 'brimstone.' When people talk to me of what is artistic and inartistic, of what is dramatic and not dramatic, of tendency, realism, and so on, I am bewildered, hesitatingly assent, and answer with banal half-truths not worth a brass farthing. I divide all works into two classes: those I like and those I don't. I have no other criterion, and if you ask me why I like Shakespeare and don't like Zlatovratsky, I don't venture to answer. Perhaps in time and as I grow wiser I may work out some criterion, but meanwhile all conversations about what is 'artistic' only weary me, and seem to me like the Scholastic disputations with which people wearied themselves in the Middle Ages."

* * *

WHEN you consider it for a moment, if you were asked to say why you prefer "Christabel" or Keats's odes to things like Tennyson's "Revenge" or the "Barrack Room Ballads," you would find it hard to do so satisfactorily to anyone who preferred to read Tennyson and Kipling. Where are the criteria? Can a Chinaman talk to an Arab? The difference, we see at once, is even deeper than that of language. It is a difference in nature, and you may set up any criterion of literature you like, but it will never carry across such a chasm. Your only consolation is that you may tell the other fellow he is on the wrong side of it; but he won't care, because he will not see it. For example, there is a part of the English coast which to me gives complete satisfaction. An acquaintance of mine went there, not knowing it was my coast, and referring to it on his return, said to me: "Never again. Don't you go there. When you go out of a morning there is nobody about. There is nothing but rocks, cliffs, bare headlands, and a stretch of empty sands. Nothing to look at." It is useless to tell me what I should call that man. I know already. But will the critics who know the correct methods tell me how to make that man see what evidently he missed, and how he could find a pleasure in Shelley, in Wordsworth, in Blake, in any of the admittedly great, in preference to such literature as you may guess he stoutly prefers?

* * *

THE means by which we are able to separate what is precious in books from the matrix is not a process, and is nothing measurable, but is instinctive; and not only differs from age to age, but changes in the life of each of us. That means is as indefinable as beauty itself. An artist may create a beautiful thing, but he cannot communicate his knowledge except by that creation. That is all he can tell you about beauty, and indeed he may be innocent of the measure of his effort; and the next generation may ridicule the very thing which gave us so much pleasure, pleasure we proved to our own satisfaction to be legitimate and well-founded by many sound generalizations about art. The canons of criticism are no more than the apology for our personal preferences, no matter how gravely we back them; sometimes it has happened that a poem or a book has succeeded in winning the good opinions of many generations. It is then a classic. The only essentials in literary criticism are to avoid solemnity, and to use even the stone axe with spritely joy.

H. M. T.

Reviews.

BALZAC.

II.

BALZAC was possessed with the vision of a whole civilization so that, as Brunetière says, when he produced a book it was as though a fragment of this world had seized on his will, used it, and flung out the fruit of its procreative act in the shape of yet another "rival to the *état civil*." This was the case with his epic of bankruptcy, "*César Birotteau*," that was begotten in a time Balzac almost forgot, to be born after a fortnight's travail. So in one huge effort he produces his appalling picture of family life in "*La Cousine Bette*," an analysis of greed, sensuality, and ambition that is enough to damn a whole civilization. What he says of his own method is that "a man ought to pride himself more on his will than on his talent. Though talent has its germ in a cultivated gift, will means the incessant conquest of his instincts"—if by conquest we understand guidance, we shall have the modern re-statement of the problem of the personal life. Balzac had, as we should expect, not the patience of the craftsman, but the rage of the fighter as he flung himself headlong on a task. For this reason he was no stylist: to rival life his business, to be fruitful of characters, not of phrases. But this colossal "drive" of his nature was not finished at school, though early life is the decisive period; for ten years he struggled, lonely for whole months at a time, not to establish his will-power, but to find it a medium of expression. Those ridiculous Radcliffe romances are but the lava-rush that preludes an eruption of internal fire. There is then, as though Fate itself had to obey will, nothing left wanting in Balzac's circumstances which would give him the key to the ugly period of history which he was to paint. As a printer he learnt the world of business, where men fight each other as fiercely as in the jungle. It is the central fact of the age, and Balzac was never free from it. His life is like a crowded city where, if pitched battles are the rule in the Grande Place, then guerilla warfare is the law of the side street.

Only one thing remained in his training—that he should be given the key of that world of women which is always the motive power of a luxurious age. For woman, of both *monde* and *demi-monde*, by the price she sets on herself, is the ultimate director of the tides of production, the tide-mark of the commercial river. It is accordingly by his women that Balzac is judged. For his knowledge in this kind he was indebted to a series of women who made him greater than any Englishman in creation, because no one but a Frenchman could by society's rules have been admitted so freely to this garden of intuition. Looking at Balzac as the creator *par excellence* we may almost say that genius in man is a vampire that, drawing intuitive knowledge from women's hearts, grows on this sustenance to its full stature. In this matter of creative genius the Platonic legend of the double nature of the human being explains how men and women reinforce each other's power, so that one probable reason for the sterility of women in the matter of genius is the nature of the conventions which force them to live so far apart from men, except where sex is the sole *raison d'être* of the bond.

It is Balzac's knowledge of women, of course, that gives him a unique place among literary portrait-painters. If we compare him, for instance, with two other masters in this genre, Richardson and Hardy, we shall find that it is Balzac alone who has escaped the almost universal weakness of men writers in painting women, and that is the fixed view-point which becomes an obsession. For Richardson, for all his knowledge of the feminine nature, finds it impossible, in his dealings with women, to get away from the atmosphere of the auction-room. The marriage market and the price a virtuous woman may command in it is to him woman's whole existence. And when that frank woman wrote in the margin of a Hardy novel, "Oh, how I hate Hardy," she was but expressing the very natural sentiment his works inspire in beings who find themselves incessantly represented as Nature's lures, born but to frustrate man's efforts to rise higher in the scale of intelligence. There is none of this

wearing of blinkers in Balzac: his women are moved by as rich a complexity of motives as his men. And, although he hated an old maid as an obscene spectacle, Balzac's old maids are enough, taken by themselves, to prove his mastery, while, as for the woman of the world, Balzac created her; and anyone who has lived with a woman whose passion is for self-sacrifice is not likely to say that the creator of Eugénie Grandet has over-colored her capacity for pious folly.

As we trace the influence of the four women who made Balzac a master we cannot but regret that the only English novelist who is comparable to him in range and depth, Henry Fielding, never enjoyed this Frenchman's opportunities for reading this particular chapter of human history. For these lovers and friends of Balzac were almost as varied in their types as the women whom his power was to create. Madame de Berny, a middle-aged woman and the mother of nine children when she takes in hand this lad of two-and-twenty, has the long, thin form, the languishing eyes, the drooping hair, that we associate with a tender heart, a scrupulous conscience, and probably a certain lack of humor. This is the type of woman who gives herself to good works, in this case to the task of taming this rough, earthy being to some semblance of worldly propriety. She never makes him a gentleman, even by devoting two hours a day for twelve years to his training, but she is the clue to his "good" women. She died, as they die, deserted by the fighting animal whom she adored. From the next, Madame Carraud, a business woman with a steady head, Balzac learnt the folly of supposing that honest women were necessarily silly sheep. The third woman, the Duchesse de Castries, it was who made him realize his own powerlessness: that great lady with the languid air of hidden grief and the splendid Venetian red hair avenged a good deal of her sex's sufferings. But from these, and others, he learnt: how he learnt! These women simply battered this heavy *bourgeois* man of the provinces into sensibility. They made him as nimble of wit where a woman was concerned as when a bargain was in question. Money and women: these are the gods of Balzac's kingdom. For all his serious expeditions in the *pays de tendre* were with women whose social rank was higher than his own. It was the foible of a nature that valued whatever the world set store by that the artist must lead a life of splendor. And how can splendor be more suitably shown than by the alliance of a Bohemian with a woman of wealth and rank?

This gives us Madame de Hanska, especially if we add that a strong man's desire grows with resistance. That burning of his *louloup's* letters by Balzac in a fit of prudence was a cruel blow to our curiosity, though they would probably have added very little to what we can gather from his volumes of letters to her. For Madame de Hanska produces by her conduct an impression of solidity: she was not likely to give herself away on paper, though her acts speak eloquently enough. For she did what ninety-nine women out of a hundred would like to do—she kept a great man's adoration for twenty years. And is there any more certain way of making a man faithful, in mind, of course, though not in body, than by showing towards him a rock-bottom of indifference combined with all the desirability given by much absence, a good deal of charm, and the whip-hand in wealth and rank? She had, in fact, all the cards in the pack. As for why she did this, one phrase of Balzac's is enough. "On m'a salué Roi," he writes. "Il faut continuer à mettre des diamants à ta couronne." What woman of brains is there who would not desire with all her heart to keep a tame king on leash, a king who had diamonds of fame for the giving? It is one of the few privileges of being a woman that one can occasionally be great vicariously. To marry her "king" was the folly: he was a French *bourgeois* with a passion for doing sums: a Polish princess used to space would certainly find his ways trying in the close quarters of a Parisian *ménage*. Perhaps there was a little pity in that final step, but more probably some motive connected with the rather unhappy marriage of the one person she did love, her daughter Anna. It is significant that Madame Eva left him to die alone, but looked after his literary business in a way he would have been the first person to appreciate. It was her part to avenge Madame de Berny whose place she had taken. The good woman loved

too well, putting, as good women do, all her eggs in one basket. "Je vous aime comme un fou," says Balzac to Madame de Hanska, "à preuve que la pauvre Madame de Berny vous haïssait à la mort. . . ." Yes, it was beyond the power of woman to make him a gentleman, but no one did more than women to turn this great natural force into the direction it actually took.

If a composite portrait could be produced from the characters in the "Comédie Humaine" we should have presented to us the soul of an age which was driven by the mania to possess. Balzac's country, "where they pay no taxes," is, where the provinces are in question, a land of misers heaping up sou by sou with intense enjoyment; in the towns the motive force is that of old men ruled by ambition and of young men frenzied by desire. Both classes are either fooled by women or make women their prey. It is a predatory world where "interests," often in the form of family connections, feed like a cancer growth on public morality. This chaotic state is made a thousand times worse by the presence of large numbers of discharged officers who can find nothing sufficiently exciting to satisfy their inflated sense of their own importance, and by priests, frocked and unfrocked, who use subtlety where the soldier employs violence. The purest joy any man can feel in this land is—when a retail shop, some "Queen of the Roses," develops into a wholesale concern or when prudent investments make a rich marriage possible. It is the heaven of the *rentier* and the shopkeeper. There is little or no foresight into the coming of the proletarian struggle, though it is clearly laid down that the peasant will oust the *bourgeois* possessors of the soil, and that by a plague of incessant Lilliputian pin-pricks. An honest tradesman is one who, becoming bankrupt, yet pays his debts in full, and the Christ himself is figured in the shape of a man who makes a countryside economically prosperous: that is, *L'Evangile en action*, the only form in which spirituality is conceivable. Yet there is, too, the cup of cold water in the "Atheist's Mass," while the only great men are the scientists. The very idea of art and beauty is indissolubly interwoven with the question of money value, and the successful woman is she who loves no one, but has many lovers and makes them pay. Goodness suffers always at the hand of selfishness, yet is faithful to death, though its mere existence looks more like a tradition of the romantic age than a thing seen. The final sentence of Balzac's creed is contained in "La Recherche de l'Absolu" where he tacitly condemns the man who gave his all in the pursuit of truth. To heap up household gear, to found a family, is given here as the whole duty of man. There is no room at all in this view of life for those lonely quests where the human intellect explores the darkness of the unknown universe. Nor do the men of this world even "consider the lilies," for in "Le Lys dans la Vallée" the very wild flowers themselves are used—to gain a mistress.

Yet by the strangest interweaving of dream life and real life Balzac dies, alone but for servants, in the midst of hoarded treasures after the marriage of rank he had desired all his life. Nor is this the end, for a quarter of a century later, with the rifling of the famous house and its treasures, the very leaves of his priceless manuscripts come to wrap grocery parcels.

It is the nemesis of possession which Balzac had created so often in the country of his dreams. It is a page out of his devastating gift for truth-telling. It is, above all things, an instance of a dream "come true."

M. P. WILLCOCKS.

IS LOGIC DEDUCTIVE?

"Implication and Linear Inference." By BERNARD BOSANQUET. (Macmillan. 7s. 6d. net.)

DR. BOSANQUET'S theory of inference is familiar to students of his works, especially of his monumental work on logic. He holds that all our judgments are really about reality as a whole, which is not, in his view, a conglomeration, but an organic system, in which each part reflects the nature of the whole. His theory of inference depends upon this view of reality, according to which any one part of reality, if it were

adequately understood, would enable us to infer any other part, in virtue of their organic connection in the whole. It follows from this view that implication, adequately understood, is always mutual. There is a radical opposition between inference so viewed and inference as it appears in mathematics. In mathematics we start from a few fairly simple principles, and proceed to deduce more and more complicated results. Whatever may be the correct logical analysis of our procedure, viewed psychologically it is certainly irreversible. It may be that, to an ideally gifted mathematical genius, all the propositions of mathematics, even the most advanced, would be self-evident, but to ordinary mortals there is no reason for believing the later propositions, except that they have been deduced from the earlier ones. This sort of process is what Dr. Bosanquet calls "linear inference," and, according to him, familiarity with this process has led to radically wrong views as to the way in which we pass logically from one belief to another. The correct logical process, according to him, is the perception of "implication," by which he does not mean what mathematical logicians mean by the term, but rather the perception of what is enfolded within something else.

This view is, of course, in its main lines derived from Hegel, who embodied it in his dialectic method. It has, undoubtedly, considerable attractiveness. It appears to afford an answer to the sceptic, and an explanation of how it is that so many inferences seem to be possible. It may well be doubted, however, whether its apparent answer to the sceptic is in any degree cogent. Dr. Bosanquet and the whole school to which he belongs object strongly to first premisses and supposed self-evident principles. Nevertheless, when they are pressed for an answer as to why they believe that reality is a systematic whole, and that fragmentariness is equivalent to falsehood, they are compelled to fall back upon "insight." We find Dr. Bosanquet speaking, for example, of "insight founded on ideal experiment." Again, he says: "I believe that throughout the whole region of our daily inferences the element of direct insight into connections is much greater, and that of arguing from mere previous experience is much less, than we are commonly taught to suppose." And elsewhere: "It is enough to rely on the insight that nothing is really certain except the whole, for it is impossible to say that, apart from the conditions which the whole furnishes, anything would be what it is." Now what is an unfortunate logician to do, who is destitute of this "insight"? Dr. Bosanquet might reply that he had better devote himself to some easier occupation, but if he were to seek a logical instead of a personal retort, it is not easy to see what he could say compatibly with his general system. He would find it very difficult to avoid making a major premiss of the insight that nothing is really certain except the whole, since, if this is denied, his whole position collapses. The question can be pursued into various technical subtleties, and is found ultimately to turn upon a problem as to the nature of relations. We find ourselves, in fact, involved in the controversy of internal and external relations.

Leaving aside such subtleties, however, it would seem that the strength of the position advocated by Dr. Bosanquet and his party depends upon a confusion between cause and logical ground, a confusion which is peculiarly easy when we are considering inference as a psychological occurrence. When we infer logically (if we ever do so), our belief in the premisses is both the cause and the ground of our belief in the conclusion, but the more we examine the sort of inferences that it is thought worth while to make in actual life, as opposed to those of logical text-books, the more we find that they are not such as to make the truth of the conclusion certain, when the truth of the premisses is known. We look up something in the "Encyclopædia" or in "Whitaker's Almanack," and infer that the fact is so, yet neither the "Encyclopædia" nor "Whitaker's Almanack" is gifted with infallibility. All the inferences that are of any practical interest assume causality, and become subject to Hume's onslaught on that principle. The organic whole which is supposed to be the world is really, we believe, an inference from the causal connections which are found within it. It is an inference of just the sort that makes philosophy suspect to prudent men of science—an inference erecting into an absolute principle a method which science is content to apply tentatively and piecemeal, and in ways that can be controlled

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by observation and experiment. Of course, no one whose philosophy is in any way derived from Hegel will admit for a moment that causality plays this part in his system. Nevertheless, if all words in any degree implying causal ideas were challenged in the systems of idealists, we believe it would be found that the influence of such ideas upon their thought is far greater than is supposed.

A good deal of Dr. Bosanquet's book is occupied in criticizing the syllogism. In this he is, of course, perfectly justified, but in extending this criticism, as he does, to the more modern methods of formal logic, he is on much more doubtful ground. He might have strengthened his case by pointing out the sceptical conclusions which result from taking too rigid a view of what constitutes valid inference, since we all wish to think that we know a great deal. But the support to be derived in this way would have been merely emotional.

Dr. Bosanquet's book has, of course, the usual merits of his writing. It is agreeable, cultivated and urbane, but it adds little to his previous writings, and does not attempt to deal with any of the fundamental issues that have been raised by the modern opponents of the views for which it stands.

MORE TRANSLATIONS.

"Homer, The Odyssey," Vol. II., by A. T. MURRAY; "Thucydides," Vol. I., by C. FOSTER SMITH; "Plutarch's Lives," Vol. III., by BERNADOTTE PERRIN; "Livy," Vol. I., by B. O. FOSTER; "Martial," Vol. I., by W. C. A. KER; "The Correspondence of Fronto," Vol. I., by C. R. HAINES; "Ausonius," Vol. I., by H. G. E. WHITE. Texts and Translations. The Loeb Classics. (Heinemann. 7s. 6d. a volume net.)

In reviewing former volumes of this series we spoke of its special aim. The present volumes are well calculated to preserve and improve the hitherto waning scholarship of the busy man. The Greek and Latin texts are sound, and the translation near enough in form to the original for the constructions to be followed. The inclusion of Fronto shows the width of the net which Mr. Loeb and his editors have designed.

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From Martial to Homer is a far cry back. We hold with Matthew Arnold that any prose version of Homer must be "a pale and far-off shadow," and we are not sure that it would be impossible to make a verse rendering which should not transgress the rules of the Loeb series. Of prose translations Mr. Murray's must be accounted among the best. It is free from affectations and has some of the best qualities of the original. It is not Mr. Murray's fault that it cannot have them all.

Mr. Smith's version of Thucydides is on the whole a creditable piece of work, though at times some carelessness concerning the connecting links or the order of the words

makes him miss the sequence or the emphasis. Thus he makes Pericles tell the Athenians that he means to remonstrate "if in any case you are either angry with me or are giving way to your misfortunes without reason." This is both false English and the wrong sense. Pericles had already said that he was aware of their anger against him, and now adds that he is going to protest against whatever is not right either in their anger or in their despondency. In another passage Mr. Smith does a serious injustice to his author. This is his rendering of the famous passage in which Thucydides ends his accounts of his historical method: "And indeed it has been composed not as a prize-essay to be heard for the moment, but as a possession for all time." Thus rendered the passage has an air of arrogance of which the original is guiltless. In fact, the introductory word does not mean "and indeed" but, as Jebb pointed out, "and so." Thucydides has been emphasizing the pains which he took to ascertain the actual facts and his refusal to trust either to chance informants or his own conception of what was likely. "And so my work," he says, is no rhetorical display, but a solid record of facts. In rendering the old prophecy of a Dorian war Mr. Smith misses a chance not always open to a translator. The Greek words for a pestilence and for a famine differ only by one letter, and it was disputed which was the right reading. Mr. Smith translates by "famine" and "pestilence" when he might have translated by "dearth" and "death." He had "the Black Death" for his warrant, but we should judge from his Introduction that he is less acquainted with English than with Athenian history and letters. He makes Chatham send his son William to Oxford, though, of course, Chatham was too good a Whig to expose a boy of fourteen years to the Tory atmosphere of his own University. Mr. Smith ascribes to Macaulay a question which actually occurs, where Macaulay found it and says that he found it, in a letter of Gray to Wharton: "The Retreat from Syracuse—is it or is it not the finest thing you ever read in your life?" In the bibliography Mr. Smith names editions of separate books. He should not have omitted the edition of the fourth book by Barton and Chavasse. This unpretending volume laid, or ought to have laid, the ghosts of many misinterpretations.

We have before noticed an earlier volume of Mr. Perrin's "Plutarch." His present work may be read with much pleasure.

Dr. Foster's "Livy" has some respectable qualities, but cannot be called flawless. In no point is Livy's versatility more apparent than in his temporal clauses, and he would not be pleased by his translator's constant use of the word "when." Dr. Foster, for instance, writes "When this edict had been published," where an English historian would have given us "On the publication of this edict." His renderings of individual words sometimes smack of the form-room. Thus for "perniciusum" he gives us "pernicious" where it means "ruinous," for "ager" a "field" where it means "an estate," and for "alios" "the others" where it means "others." He has some excuse for rendering "indignatio" by "indignation," since we have no word to express exactly this combination of anger and scorn; but none for presenting "oriundus" as "by birth" where it means "by original descent." On the "pilum" Dr. Foster seems not to have made up his mind, for he sometimes gives us "javelin" and sometimes "spear." Since Macaulay naturalized the word in verse—"Thine, Roman, is the pilum"—Dr. Foster need not have scrupled to follow him in prose. Not Livy but his translator is answerable for the anachronism of "steel" in the fifth century B.C. We must add that Dr. Foster sometimes uses the historic present with disastrous effect.

Scientific historians are apt to deal sternly with Livy's lack of the critical faculty, with his ignorance of politics and military strategy, with his inability to distinguish the minds of different ages. His faults cannot be denied, but they need not blind us to high qualities. He ranks with Virgil in explaining to us the Augustan's view of the history, the characteristics, and the mission of Rome. If we have to turn from him to Polybius in order to get any clear view of Cannæ as a battle, at least we need no other authority to inform us how the Romans faced a defeat. Though the "pictured page" be a romance, it is no untrue portrait of the least romantic of all great peoples. Even if history be, as Dr. Bury contends, a science, nothing less

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and nothing more, it cannot refuse to learn from the unscientific Livy that national character which transformed the huts of the Palatine into the palace of a mighty empire.

For Ausonius we must confess that we have little use. Rigorous search has discovered a touch or two of poetry and some liking for nature in his verses on the Moselle, and we may allow that he has some capacity for sketching characters. There is, however, no getting away from Gibbon's verdict, quoted by Mr. White, that "the poetical fame of Ausonius condemns the taste of his age." For the lack of poetical spirit in his original our translator endeavors to find a compensation by giving us many passages in verse, which he nevertheless prints as prose. Perhaps, as the Greeks would put it, he has escaped his own notice in being a verse-writer. Let us help him to consciousness of it by printing his words in lines:—

"Into the midst of these Love rashly broke,
Scattering the darkness of that murky gloom
With rustling wings. All recognized the boy,
And as their thoughts leapt back—"

And then Mr. White relapses into prose. His English is not free from faults either in structure or in usage. We will give one instance. He speaks of "darkling night." Now the former word here is an adverb, and, although like other adverbs, for instance, "sidelong," it can be used as an adjective, it can be applied only to things that are in the dark and, of course, not to night itself.

The letters of Fronto, long lost and restored to the world little more than a century ago, together with letters of Marcus Aurelius and other pupils of the rhetorician, have not hitherto tempted a translator. It may perhaps be permitted to think that they scarcely deserve one. It is indeed hardly fair to describe Fronto as a mere pedant in whose works, as Johnson said of Thomas Warton's, there is:—

"Endless labor all along,
Endless labor to be wrong,
Phrase that time has flung away,
Uncouth words in disarray."

Doubtless his resuscitation of old words was due in part to the lack of taste which made him prefer the crude work of Ennius to the masterpieces of the golden age, but he also felt as a defect the extreme scantiness of the Latin vocabulary. An old word revived ranks as a new word, and is on its trial. Colman and Lloyd laughed at the "wattled cotes," but poetry, as witness Matthew Arnold, has established its claim to the once obsolete phrase, and Fronto did something to fill the gaps of the Latin speech. He had, however, a thin mind, and his letters show how barren a thing is eloquence without substance.

Mr. Haines knows his author, but his diction sometimes gives a false notion of his style. Thus he writes, "O, boy," instead of "My dear boy," and "by Hercules" instead of "on my word." A Roman of Fronto's age, when he wrote "hercule" or "ercle," no more thought of the son of Alcmena than we think of the Olympian when we say "by Jove."

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In sentimental quarters—and, according to Mr. Downham, anybody who objects to the extermination of the world's birds for "fancy" millinery is a sentimentalist—there might be some demur as to the validity of evidence coming from the moneyed interest of the plumage trade. He does not, however, conceal his connections, and so let us follow him and assume the impartial investigation of the trade facts in the traders' defence.

We must, also, of course, make allowance for statements uttered in the heat of controversy. Mr. Downham, for instance, tells us that egrets nest in Spain, so that we must not deplore their extermination from China, Asia, and vast

regions of America; he tells us that the egret "thrives" in the Everglade regions of Florida, without bringing to our notice the official evidence of the official American ornithologist, W. E. D. Scott, who passed through Florida when the traders had finished with it and found nothing but endless miles of carrion—among which were three million egrets. He tells us that H.B.M. Minister at Caracas, Venezuela, declared that egrets, spoonbills, ibises, &c., were not shot out in the breeding season, whereas what this Minister really said (and published) was: "From the evidence before me I have no manner of doubt that the vast majority of the egret plumes exported to Europe are obtained by the slaughter of the birds during or about the breeding season." On p. 25, he tells us that birds are "never" killed in the breeding season for plumage, and on p. 24 that "it cannot be denied that some birds are killed during the breeding season." The abominable charge that all wild birds are invariably and inevitably shot in the breeding season, for the sufficiently obvious reason that their plumes only appear at that time or (where species have no additional ornaments) are most brilliant and so most profitable then, he does not consider worth discussion. Mr. Downham does not deny that 1,528,000 egrets were exported from Venezuela in 1908, but he tells us that the plumes were picked up out of the swamps and in the thickets after being shed by the parent birds or from the lining of the nests of a bird called the "tordito," whose existence has only been discovered by Mr. Downham. Picked up, too, in the best possible condition, to fetch guineas in a West End shop! His proof that the birds of paradise are not being exterminated is that the killing is confined to the coast—though he omits to add that so are the birds. We are informed that the King Bird of Paradise is not shot "because the Chinese traders will pay no price for it," but not that they will pay no price for it because it no longer exists, having been already exterminated by the traders. Mr. Downham dismisses as baseless fabrications the accounts of the murders of various wardens of preserves in America, though the present writer received an official account of them recently from one of the Commissioners of the Canadian Federal Government. "Guns will go off," says Mr. Downham—and people will get in the way. Humming birds, he says, have not been used in the trade for twenty years, though they appear in the feather catalogues, 25,000 in one year, 21,000 in another, and so on, and in Jamaica alone, according to official testimony, thirteen out of the eighteen species of humming-bird are utterly extinct through the trade—all within the last twenty years. The spread of town-life is responsible for the imminent extinction of the Australian lyre-bird—though their habitat is the uncultivated bush. But let us overlook these and other trifling divagations from the path of pedantic truth.

We do so, because we desire to repay Mr. Downham his generosity to his opponents. He certainly gives them things with no grudging hand. It is Mr. Downham who tells us that "from 25,000 to 30,000 bird of paradise skins only" are exported every year for millinery from New Guinea, and of all other species annually exported from all over the world, "only 10,000 per annum of each species." Every species the traders can get at, of course, is killed for its wings, quills, or plumes. Elsewhere he desires to illustrate the futility of the Indian laws of prohibition—the export of all wild birds is prohibited from India—by telling us that "500,000" skins of one species of Indian parrot were "smuggled" (sic) in one year and that the annual export of this parrot averages "250,000." You see, he says, how futile the law is! Birds of paradise, he informs us, are hardy and wary birds and so can "take care of themselves," and so the reason for the approaching extinction of the beautiful genus *goura* or crowned pigeon is because the breeding birds have crests and "have no instinct to protect themselves against man." How can you expect us, then, is the inference, not to exterminate the lot? Again: "The statement that some species of birds of paradise and humming birds have been 'destroyed utterly' may be true or may be untrue." How can we tell?—our business is to kill, not count. We will give one last example (there are many others as racy) of this extraordinary naïveté.

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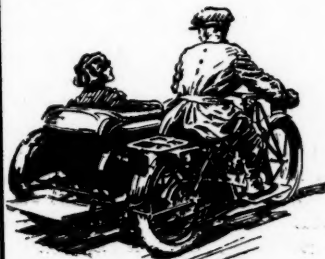
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(Nearly 2,000 Agents in the British Isles to attend to the wishes and needs of Cyclists and Motor Cyclists).

Mr. Downham is anxious to show us that no law can or will protect a single species from massacre. So he gives us an instance of "piracy" (*sic*) from the Hawaiian reservations, when traders were arrested red-handed (in both senses) with "259,000 skins" in their possession. Almost as good as the Laysan raid, in numbers here being 300,000 albatrosses! After these examples, we find it a little difficult to understand why Mr. Downham ignores the detailed figures—and awful they are—of the trade's accusers. He might as well accept them.

It does not occur to Mr. Downham that people not interested financially in the trade might think it immoral to annihilate the bird-life of the world and destroy the stupendous work of evolution for women's ostentation. The word "sentimentalist" is enough for him. On what grounds, then, does he justify the destruction of 35,000,000 wild birds per annum for hats and fans? His two principal witnesses are Nature and the nature of man. The latter has an ingrained "lust for slaughter." It is natural to man "to shoot all that runs and flies." "Men of the highest principles and character succumb to this weakness," and kill mankind must or there would be something wrong with *Genus Homo*. He would degenerate into sentimentalism. How grotesque then, exclaims Mr. Downham, to assume that the prohibition of the plumage trade would save natural life from extinction! We traders, besides, do not kill out of "lust for slaughter," but for the sake of English trade—in other words, because we can make a good living out of the "waste products" (so Mr. Downham designates the birds) of the universe. Why, he exclaims, the "plant" costs nothing! As to Nature, she is the worst criminal of the lot. She is "red in tooth and claw," and since "there is a continual warfare of one creature against another," "purely natural agencies" would have "cleared out birds and beasts alike" had not we, the inference goes, kindly taken her work off her hands. Mr. Downham's argument runs thus: We destroy Nature, in order to get in front of her before she destroys herself. She, poor thing, can make nothing out of it; we can. All around us—in Nature and in Man—are rapine, murder, crime, brutality—who is to say us nay, if we organize those necessities and inevitabilities of life, in order to bring prosperity to England?

This is the defence of the plumage trade by the plumage traders in their own words, and so strong and well-justified is it that it has prevailed unto the extinction of species after species of the most beautiful beings in the world, engaged in their highest function of parenthood. These are the ethics of commercialism carried to their logical extreme, this the apology sanctioned by the London Chamber of Commerce and this the philosophy of life which has elevated us from the brutes.

HURRIED HISTORY.

"Fifty Years of Europe: 1870-1919." By CHARLES DOWNER HAZEN. (Bell. 14s.)

MR. HAZEN, who is Professor of History in Columbia University, has brought together those chapters of his "Modern European History" which bear upon the rise and fall of the German Empire, has made numerous changes, and added a chapter, which takes up a third of this volume, on the great war.

It is inevitable that the historians should scrap the stories of Europe during the last fifty years and rewrite them in the light of what has been learned since August, 1914, though there are some who have no consuming anxiety to study the results of their labors. If duty compels us to tread the dark labyrinths of political intrigues and futilities we desire a lamp brighter than Mr. Hazen's feeble glim. Nor must that light flicker on October 31st, 1918, and go out on Armistice Day. Some millions of people learned what the war was about only when the Peace Treaty was published. Many do not know yet. Mr. Hazen may not be among the latter to-day, but it is clear that his mind was innocent when the Armistice was signed. If he has learned during the past six months that a picture in

black and white of a villain in Potsdam sharpening shears for the fleecing of innocent lambs is not a wholly adequate representation of the political state of Europe from Sedan to 1914, then it is possible he may be occupied in a further revision.

There is that little matter of Brest-Litovsk, where, he says, was signed "probably the most disgraceful and disastrous treaty known in the history of any European nation." Mr. Hazen should have waited. He is fond of these sweeping statements, and revels in superlatives. When he is not running at a gallop over long periods and linking up disjointed events in a style which recalls the almanacs, he is breaking out into language which compares with that of war correspondence at its breeziest.

After all, there is something to be said for the style of the almanac. From an inclusive summary of events an intelligent reader with an understanding of political currents can gather a clue and himself supply an interpretation. But Mr. Hazen's history is a mere surface sketch, with no attempt to indicate and analyze the forces that swept Europe into the disaster of the war and into the disaster at Versailles. It omits even important events, such as the Paris Economic Resolutions. It is not too much to ask that a professor of history should possess something more than a knowledge of dates. A faculty for the uncritical swallowing of the prescriptions of politicians and newspaper mixtures cannot be regarded as an adequate equipment.

TITE BARNACLES.

"The Old Indispensables." By EDWARD SHANKS. (Secker. 7s. net.)

SOME day—while the memory of the war is still fresh or, it may be, much later, when our troubled times can be comfortably studied from the vantage-point of the future historian—some day the whole great epic of Whitehall will have to be written. It is a task which only a genius can perform. And what a genius!—a genius Tolstoyan in breadth of imagination, in subtlety and depth of understanding, Voltairian in its irony. For the epic of Whitehall will have to be a mixture of "War and Peace" and "Candide." Who will write it? We scan the literary horizon in vain. There is nothing for it but to put one's trust, in this as in so many other matters, in the future.

Mr. Shanks has not attempted to write the epic of wartime bureaucracy. "The Old Indispensables" is simply a fantasia on the theme. The book is pleasant and entertaining enough, and our only complaint about it is that the fun is just a little too mild. Considering how rich the subject is in absurdity, how fabulously fantastic, we are justified in being a little disappointed that Mr. Shanks has not done more with it. He never fulfils the great expectations which the first sentence of the first chapter inevitably arouse in the reader's mind: "It was comparatively early in the war that the Circumvention Branch of the Circumlocution Office outgrew its limited accommodation and was obliged to move." It was rash of Mr. Shanks to have conjured up the shade of Tite Barnacle. He has asked to be compared with Dickens; fatally, the comparison reveals the weakness of "The Old Indispensables." That huge unflagging gusto, that ability to keep exaggerated fun five tones above concert pitch and never let it drop into bathos, all the prodigious qualities of Dickens as a humorist—of these we find only the palest reflection in "The Old Indispensables." Mr. Shanks has too much literary refinement and too little overflowing vitality to be a good writer of burlesque. At the same time he lacks the delicacy and tact to produce a fantasy in the manner of Max Beerbohm. He is too often betrayed into such school-boyish lapses as this phrase about the young lady who spoke "indistinctly through the orange she was mistakenly trying to consume at one mouthful." These schoolboyisms are not good knockabout comedy, and at the same time they ruin any effect of light and exquisite fantasy. Between Dickens and Beerbohm Mr. Shanks comes to the ground.

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OUR · READERS' · OPINIONS

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Mrs. M. S.

13, Albert Mansions, S.W.11.

9. 3. 20.

The Week in the City.

(BY OUR CITY EDITOR.)

THURSDAY.

WHEN the Treasury announced last Friday the discontinuance of six months' Treasury Bill issues, this was read in some quarters as an indication that no increase would be made in Bank rate. The connection is probably imaginary. Nevertheless, fears of dearer money in the near future have certainly subsided. The Stock Exchange, however, has not benefited to any great extent, and business in most markets is stagnant. With the Easter holidays approaching and the Budget looming beyond immediate improvement is hardly to be expected. The foreign exchanges have returned to prominence with a renewal of violent movements, the two features being the strength of sterling in terms of the dollar and the accelerated depreciation in the currencies of France, Belgium, and Italy. As the close of the financial year draws near the weekly Revenue figures are watched with increasing interest. The latest return carries us up to March 20th, and, with ten days still to go, total revenue at £1,231,397,200 exceeds by £62 millions Mr. Chamberlain's revised estimate of October last. In the week ending March 20th the floating debt was reduced by less than one million. Budget speculations centre mainly around the extent to which the Treasury will swallow the recommendations of the Income Tax Commission.

RETRENCHMENT AND PRODUCTION.

The twin necessity of retrenchment and production rightly forms the text of all economic sermons just now. The doctrine is preached especially to the nations of Continental Europe, and it is salutary sometimes to look at ourselves as others see us and find out how we are getting on in these two vital matters. The economist frequently rails against our Government for their extravagant expenditure, and he undoubtedly has a strong case. But he must be careful not to spoil that case by indulgence in impossible hopes. It may help us to see the facts as regards retrenchment and production the more clearly if we look at present-day figures in terms of pre-war prices. As I explained recently, it looks as if expenditure under the coming Budget would be about £1,200,000,000, and that the debt charge and pensions between them will absorb something like £520,000,000. The pensions item is a national obligation which no one would propose to reduce by one penny, and the debt charge cannot greatly decline until some big step is taken for the purpose of reducing the National Debt. Deduct this sum of £520,000,000 from £1,200,000,000, and you get an expenditure of £680,000,000. That sum at pre-war prices—assuming that costs to the Government have risen 150 per cent.—would be about £272,000,000, against a pre-war expenditure of, roughly, £175,000,000 exclusive of the debt charge. To get back to pre-war expenditure, the Chancellor will have to go down £100,000,000 or so in terms to 1914 prices, or £250,000,000 at least at to-day's prices. All such calculations must necessarily be rough and ready, and if one remembers, on the one hand, certain expenditures which must live on for a year or two as a legacy of the war, one need not, on the other hand, forget the hope (which once looked bright and now rather forlorn) that bulky armament expenditure would to a large extent disappear after a victorious conclusion of a war to end war. At any rate, it looks as if, unless a change in prices can be brought about or some practical means devised which will reduce the debt, Mr. Chamberlain (or his successor) will have his work cut out to reach, the year after next, the normal level of £808,000,000 for National Expenditure officially suggested as recently as last October. In the matter of production, one must also remember to allow for increased prices. Much is rightly made of the increase in British exports during the past year or so, but if we compare 1919 trade figures with those of the last full pre-war year on properly comparable terms, we see clearly the enormous leeway which still remains to be made up. British exports for 1919 look very large at £798,000,000 as compared with £525,000,000 for 1913. But the "Economist" calculates that last year's British exports at 1913 prices were the equivalent in value of only

£289,000,000, or not so very much more than one-half what they were in 1913. Fortunately in the last six weeks or so, disputes have been few, unemployment greatly reduced and we seem to be on the right road. But we have a long way to go.

INFLATION AND INDUSTRIAL FINANCE.

Those who see most clearly the dangers of inflation are sometimes blind to the dangers of quack remedies. In laying plans for lowering prices to a return to normal one must remember three main points: 1. Deflation, necessary as it is, must come gradually. 2. Where credit is used effectively for production it does not add to inflation. 3. The cure will be worse than the disease unless deflation is so planned as to be brought about without curtailing industry's legitimate requirements, and without subjecting industry to any sudden disturbance. "If I was sure," said Mr. Chamberlain, "that all this money was resulting in increased production I should find some consolation." He was referring to the great capital issues. He might perhaps have gone so far as to say "complete consolation." When Mr. McKenna spoke to the City & Midland shareholders in January, it might be deduced from his speech that somewhere about 80 per cent. of the inflation of credit was due to Government borrowing and the remaining 20 per cent. to the finance of industry. In other words, the first need is to reduce the floating debt, while the demands of industry for financial accommodation ought only to be denied in so far as they do not promise directly to increase production. Of this aspect of the matter the great Joint Stock Banks are the watchdogs in the national interest as well as in their own. They have for some time past been carefully scrutinizing the demands of their industrial customers, and in some measure rationing them according to ruling need. As regards the reduction of the floating debt, considerable attention is being paid to the scheme outlined by Mr. Drummond Fraser, the well-known Manchester banker, for putting long-dated securities on a continuous sale. This would not, even if successful, reduce the gross debt, but it would replace the floating debt, with all its evils and dangers, by long-dated obligations widely held by vast numbers of thrifty citizens of all classes.

REPORTS AND NEW ISSUES.

The new issue campaign continues, and borrowers on the whole are meeting with a good reception from the public, in spite of Mr. Chamberlain's warning. Joseph Crosfield & Sons offer 1,500,000 7 per cent. cumulative preference shares of £1 each at par, and although the prospectus only sets out profits for the war period, the standing of the Company is very high, and the opportunity is attractive; but the offer of 400,000 ordinary shares of £1 each at par by the Anglo-Marine Insurance Co. is in a different category, and I should advise investors to look for more proof of ability to compete successfully in the overcrowded insurance market than is offered in the prospectus. This flotation raises the question of the "deferred share" policy in an acute form.

The Canadian Pacific, the last great free railway of Canada, publishes results for 1919 not quite so satisfactory as those of the previous year. The gross earnings at \$177,000,000 were \$20,000,000 higher, but working expenses rose by rather more, and the surplus available for dividends is a little lower than in 1918. Courtaulds' report makes wonderful reading, but the Stock Exchange had been so optimistic as to be actually disappointed with the document. The capital was raised from £2,000,000 to £4,000,000 during 1919 by capitalization of reserves and a bonus distribution. Net profits for 1919 were £2,280,861, as compared with £1,184,939 in the previous year.

Bonus distributions are still the fashion. The A.B.C. shareholders are to receive a share per share bonus, which will be the more welcome after somewhat unfortunate experiences in earlier days, and the British Aluminium Corporation proposes to hand to its shareholders two new shares for every three held. The Rand output of gold in February was the lowest recorded for some years past.

L. J. R.

